

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3230.—VOL. CXVIII.

SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1901.

WITH SUPPLEMENT SIXPENCE.



The Lord Chamberlain.

The King.

The Lord Steward.

Bishop of Winchester.

Archbishop of Canterbury.

Bishop of Rochester.

CHURCH AND STATE: KING EDWARD VII RECEIVING AN ADDRESS FROM THE CONVOCATION OF CANTERBURY AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE, MARCH 12.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. T. WALTER WILSON, R.I.

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

The British taxpayer is waiting uncomfortably for the next turn of the financial screw. When the citizen comes down to breakfast pale and preoccupied, and is more than usually snappish about the quality of the bacon and the temperature of the coffee, his family surmise that he has been dreaming of the income tax at eighteenpence. Perhaps he also dreams of that unappropriated wealth which turns Monte Cristo's millions to commonplace. To-day the romancer need not send his hero to find buried treasure in a cave. There is quite enough of it in our prosaic island, quite enough to enrich a man beyond the utmost stretch of imagination if he could put in a claim to money that is pining for an owner. That sleepless watch-dog, Mr. Arnold White, says that the Law Courts did not cost the taxpayer a penny, but were built out of a handy fund in the Bank of England. It seems there are lots of funds stowed away in cellars in Threadneedle Street and elsewhere, and vainly crying, "We don't belong to anybody; please come and spend us!"

How many millions are wasting their sweetness in Chancery? A correspondent of the *Times* reckons them at seventy. Mr. Arnold White does not put the figure so high; but he says that the total value of unclaimed property in various forms is enormous. A stockbroker tells me that his firm has always hundreds of pounds in dividend warrants which are never asked for. Their lawful owners have melted into space, and the "Post Office Directory" knows them no more. In fine, this particular plot of earth we tread is a veritable Tom Tiddler's Ground, where strange beings, with souls above lucre, drop their gold and silver, which a frugal and long-suffering community is not allowed to pick up! It is sufficiently trying for any largo-minded person to look into a jeweller's window, and think how pleasant he could make his declining years if he could have two minutes inside without interruption. But imagine his feelings when he is told of vast hoards which nobody owns, and the taxpayer must not touch! Small wonder that he should urge the Chancellor of the Exchequer to levy tribute from them, and spare us that eighteenpenny income tax.

Do other countries produce this singular class which amasses riches and forgets all about them? Does the Pan-German lapse into abstraction, and leave his dividends in his stockbroker's safe? When the American speculator is not dreaming of a "trust" that shall control the output of all the reels of cotton in the universe, does he pave Wall Street with his neglected dollars? I see that Paris is honoured by the sittings of a Boeritis Congress, and that an illustrious member boasts the determination of four million adherents of Mr. Kruger from various quarters of Europe to swoop upon South Africa, and annihilate the British. The originator of this remarkable project does us great honour. We have been taunted with the necessity of employing over 200,000 men to crush 50,000 burghers; but it will need four million champions of justice to dispossess us of our plunder. The odds in the first case are four to one, and in the other twenty to one! My compliments to the military prudence of the Boeritis Congress! But why send the whole of this terrifying army of retribution to the Cape? Some of the warriors, say a million, might be spared for the equally inspiring enterprise of invading this island, and dividing our Tom Tiddler's Ground among the philosophers who are so fond of denouncing us as the pirates of the world. Those millions which our eccentricity has accumulated in Chancery would make such a pretty indemnity! However, as I write, my eye lights upon a formal statement in the *Times* that Chancery does not possess all this unoccupied treasure. O mocking mirage! In what is the groaning taxpayer to put his trust?

We have some other kinds of eccentricity that are not so profitable. Last week our Minister of War stood in his place, and diverted the House of Commons with an account of the red tape in his department. I am told that the ghost of Charles Dickens flitted out of Westminster Abbey on this occasion, and sat in the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery listening to Mr. Brodrick with manifest satisfaction. When Dickens described the Circumlocution Office, superior persons accused him of gross and wanton caricature. Fifty years later Mr. Brodrick shows how circumlocution has become petrifaction. Complaint was made to him that an officer who wished to go to South Africa could get no answer from the military authorities. He had spent two months in vain petition. Mr. Brodrick thought the case rather hard, so he wrote to the officials, who treated him with the same indifference. He wrote again, with the same result; he telegraphed, and they were still mute. "Then," said the Minister, "I thought it was time to exercise pressure, so I wrote to the effect that if I did not have an answer by the following morning, somebody would be put on half-pay." The mummy swathed in red tape was restored to life by this galvanic shock, and a letter came next day,

I could have given Mr. Brodrick a still better illustration. An officer was ordered by the War Office to rejoin

his regiment in one of the colonies. As he had just heard that the regiment had sailed for home, he pointed out what seemed to him a trifling oversight. The august personage to whom he addressed himself retorted, "Have the goodness to obey the orders you have received." Then he applied to a friendly official, who explained the case once more in Pall Mall, and was curtly told to mind his own business. Pall Mall added that if the officer did not start at once he would be visited with severe penalties. At last the affair was submitted to a very exalted member of the military hierarchy, who was asked whether he wanted to put the country to the expense of sending an officer to the colony and back in order to pass his regiment on the way. The exalted one smote his brow, and exclaimed, "Can I have signed that order?" He found that it had been signed by somebody equally exalted in pure ignorance, and that the War Office clerks refused to acknowledge the blunder.

Nobody charges these gentlemen with indolence. On occasion their zeal in letter-writing is tremendous. Certain ammunition was ordered for shipment on a particular day. The responsible official on the spot declared that, with the staff at his command, the order could not be executed at such short notice. He was peremptorily told to obey. He engaged the necessary workmen, and the ammunition was shipped. The cost of the extra labour was not great; but Pall Mall wrote about a hundred letters of reprimand. He explained the circumstances again and again; but still the letters were showered upon him. The War Office clerk, I believe, is a conscientious man who cannot sleep in peace unless he has written so many letters a day. If you notice a gentleman on Saturday evening who is sad and abstracted at dinner or the play, if he receives your best story in stony silence, and generally comports himself as if the sun had shone for the last time, and the panorama of life had been rolled up, you may be sure that he is a War Office scribe, whose unnecessary letters for the week have fallen short of his average.

The gentle entomologists of the London County Council have decided to fill the Parks with butterflies. In their chrysalis stage these delightful insects must be nourished on stinging-nettles, which are to be planted abundantly in enclosures. What an allegory of the War Office clerk! He also thrives on stinging-nettles; for public criticism harms him not a jot, and I question whether even the candour of his Parliamentary chief, or the inquiry into his accomplishments by a committee of men of business, will chase the colour from his damask cheek. The Circumlocution Office flourished on the satire of Dickens, and there have been more butterflies in Pall Mall ever since. The Park butterfly will be very welcome to the Londoners who yearn for colour in our sombre air. It seems to be doubtful, however, whether the Park sparrow will acquiesce in this new evolution of beauty. He is said to have no taste for the particular kind of caterpillar from which the butterfly is born; but people who have disliked caviar for years have been known to take to it in the evening of life. A sparrow is likely to conquer his distaste for anything that he suspects to be designed for the public gratification. Now, the Pall Mall butterfly does not gratify us very much; and if there were any sparrow with a beak strong enough—!

Mr. Brodrick's scheme of Army reorganisation throws upon us the shadow of compulsory service. It is intimated that if the men who are needed for the defence of the Empire cannot be obtained by voluntary enlistment, the country will be asked to face some form of conscription. As I have no pretensions to be a military expert, I do not know whether this is the only alternative. Military experts, like naval experts, are apt to confuse an unsophisticated mind. It is one of my earliest recollections of public affairs that Mr. Cardwell's scheme was freely stigmatised as the ruin of the Army. About that time I had completed an extensive course of reading in military adventures, and sorrowfully wondered why this Cardwell was permitted to make ducks and drakes of the glories achieved by Marlborough and Wellington. Possibly, some schoolboy at this moment is going through a similar trial. Can we count upon enough troops to meet emergencies in any part of the Empire? If we really possess the command of the sea, does that make it inexpedient to increase our military strength? Ought we to regard any proposals for such increase as designed to involve the country more and more deeply in the enterprises of fatal ambition? I have no opinion save this: If we should ever have to choose between conscription and the proved futility of any other plan, the spirit of the nation will not shrink from burden and sacrifice.

I cherish the hope that the House of Commons will not frame the new Civil List with a niggardly hand. The financial arrangement that was made at the accession of Queen Victoria does not seem adequate to the dignity of the Crown after the changes of sixty-four years. King Edward must provide for his establishment on a scale that was not contemplated by an earlier generation. Moreover, the Queen's reign proved that the advantages of our Constitutional monarchy make it the cheapest political system in the world. We can afford to pay a little more for it.

## PARLIAMENT.

Mr. Brodrick explained his proposals for Army Reform in a speech which won general commendation. The Government plan is to divide the country into six Army Corps districts, each with a perfect complement, military and administrative, and relieved from the minute supervision of the authorities in Pall Mall. Three Army Corps are to be organised for foreign service, and three, largely composed of Militia, Volunteers, and Yeomanry, for home defence. A Militia Reserve Mr. Brodrick expects to yield 50,000 men, and the Yeomanry 25,000. In all, 126,500 men will be added to the military strength of the country, making a grand total of 680,000 men, of which 155,000 will be Regulars. All the Army Corps will be provided with an adequate proportion of mounted troops, and the Volunteers will have special training. There are to be inquiries into the system of education at Woolwich and Sandhurst, and into the difficulty of obtaining cavalry officers owing to the expense of regimental life. Every effort will be made to encourage professional zeal among the officers, and to study the personal comfort of the private soldier. As for the War Office, Mr. Brodrick intimated that Lord Roberts desired to have a little time for observation before suggesting remedies for admitted abuses. Perhaps the most significant passage in the War Minister's speech was the broad hint that if voluntary enlistment did not yield the necessary recruits, recourse would be had to some measure of compulsion.

Another military question was raised by a motion for an inquiry into the compulsory retirement of Sir Henry Colvile. Mr. Brodrick explained that in spite of Lord Roberts's report on Sir Henry Colvile's action in South Africa, that officer was appointed to the command at Gibraltar by Lord Lansdowne and Lord Wolseley. When Mr. Brodrick became Secretary for War, he consulted Lord Roberts, who declared that Sir Henry was not fitted for that command. Mr. Brodrick entered into the circumstances of which Lord Roberts had declared to be unpardonable negligence on the part of Sir Henry Colvile at Sanna's Post and Lindley. This explanation led to an animated debate, in which it was contended that a court-martial ought to have been ordered, so that Sir Henry might have had an opportunity of stating his case.

A Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to consider the new Civil List, and Mr. Balfour promised Mr. Redmond that a Joint Committee of both Houses should report upon the terms of the Royal Accession Oath which have given much offence to Roman Catholics.

After an all-night sitting, the House of Commons adopted Mr. Balfour's new standing order that any members who refuse to obey the authority of the Chair shall be suspended for the remainder of the Session. This was made necessary by the recent refusal of certain Irish members to leave the House when a division was ordered on the vote on account, and Mr. Flavin and several of his colleagues had to be forcibly removed by the police.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

"MAMMA," REVIVED AT THE CRITERION.

A little over a dozen years ago, "Mamma," adapted by Mr. Sydney Grundy from "Les Surprises du Divorce," of MM. Bisson and Mars, was produced as the opening play of the then New Court Theatre; and now, on its revival at the Criterion this week, it still proves the funniest of the many farces written round that eternal subject, the mother-in-law. To some the causes which it holds sufficient for English divorce may seem preposterous; to others its careless rearrangement of marriages may even appear ugly; but, regarded in its proper atmosphere of fantastic absurdity, "Mamma," though now a trifle threadbare, can still provoke hearty and fairly harmless laughter. The play has quite historical associations: Coquelin did not disdain to lend it the aid of his name and talent at the Royalty, and the performances of Mr. Hare, Mr. Cecil, and Mrs. John Wood at the Court are familiar to every playgoer of standing. Such traditions, however, do no discredit to the Criterion rendering. The pantomime of mock-horror which Mr. Arthur Bourchier displays in the scene wherein the hero discovers himself saddled afresh, though in a new capacity, with the hateful mother-in-law he had removed by divorce, and learns that his own first wife has become his second mother-in-law, is worthy of comparison with the comic efforts of a Hare or a Coquelin. Mrs. Charles Calvert's virago of a mother-in-law, again, though more plaintive and less grim than Mrs. John Wood's, is every bit as effective. Nor can any fault be found with Mr. George Giddens, Mr. Troode, Mr. Hendrie, and Miss Ethel Matthews, who now succeed to rôles made memorable by Mr. Arthur Cecil, Mr. Eric Lewis, Mr. Groves, and Miss Filippi. Finally, the Criterion revival reveals in Miss Beatrice Forbes Robertson, of famous theatrical family, an ingénue of decided charm, ease, and natural talent.

## THE PROGRAMMES OF THE SUBURBAN THEATRES.

For the moment the newest function of the suburban theatres—that of providing London audiences for those leading actors and actresses who cannot obtain accommodation in the West End—is a little in abeyance. Mrs. Kendal, unhappily indisposed half last week at Kennington, Mr. Edward Terry, Mrs. Langtry, and Miss Marion Terry have all passed outside the Metropolitan area. A few prominent players, however, are still touring through the suburbs. Thus Mr. Charles Warner has been enacting all the horrors of "Drink" this week in Camden Town; and Mr. Wilson Barrett has been offering at the Borough Theatre, Stratford, a composite programme including "Quo Vadis?" "The Sign of the Cross," and the delightful "Mauzman." Miss Fanny Brough, again, at the Shakspere, Clapham, has been appearing alternately in "Masks and Faces" and "The Prude's Progress"; while further out, at the Grand, Woolwich, Mrs. Lewis Waller has been relying on the attractions of "Zaza." Otherwise the startling feature of Greater London's theatrical entertainments is the number of cases in which West-End managers seem to permit rival performances of their own current successes. For instance,

"San Toy" is being played now at the Coronet, Bayswater, as well as at Daly's; "Florodora" at the Opera House, Crouch End, as well as at the Lyric; "A Message from Mars" can be heard not only at the Avenue, but also at the Grand, Fulham; and Mr. Lumley's farce "In the Soup" can be seen both at the Strand and at the Métropole. The earlier system of reviving in the outlying houses plays which have exhausted West-End patronage has been adopted at the Grand, Islington, which is staging "The Runaway Girl," and at the Duchess Theatre, Balham, where "Miss Hobbs" and "Madame Butterfly" have proved an acceptable combination; and it is to an old custom that the Standard management reverts in welcoming the Turner company and a selection of "popular" grand operas. The Pavilion Theatre has just put up a sixth revival of "Tommy Atkins," and a similar military appeal is made at the Crown, Peckham, in "A Soldier and a Man." Meantime, extravaganza is represented at Brixton by "La Fille de Madame Angot"; at New Cross by "The Lady Slavey"; and at Kennington by "Kitty Grey." The last piece is a unique instance of a somewhat poor Vaudeville farce being converted, or, rather, re-converted, into a really diverting "musical comedy." The striking beauty and fine vocalisation of Miss Evie Greene, and the pretty singing and dainty acting of Miss Ethel Sydney, lend distinction to a handsome and jovial production.

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THE GERMAN EMPEROR IN FIELD-MARSHAL'S UNIFORM.

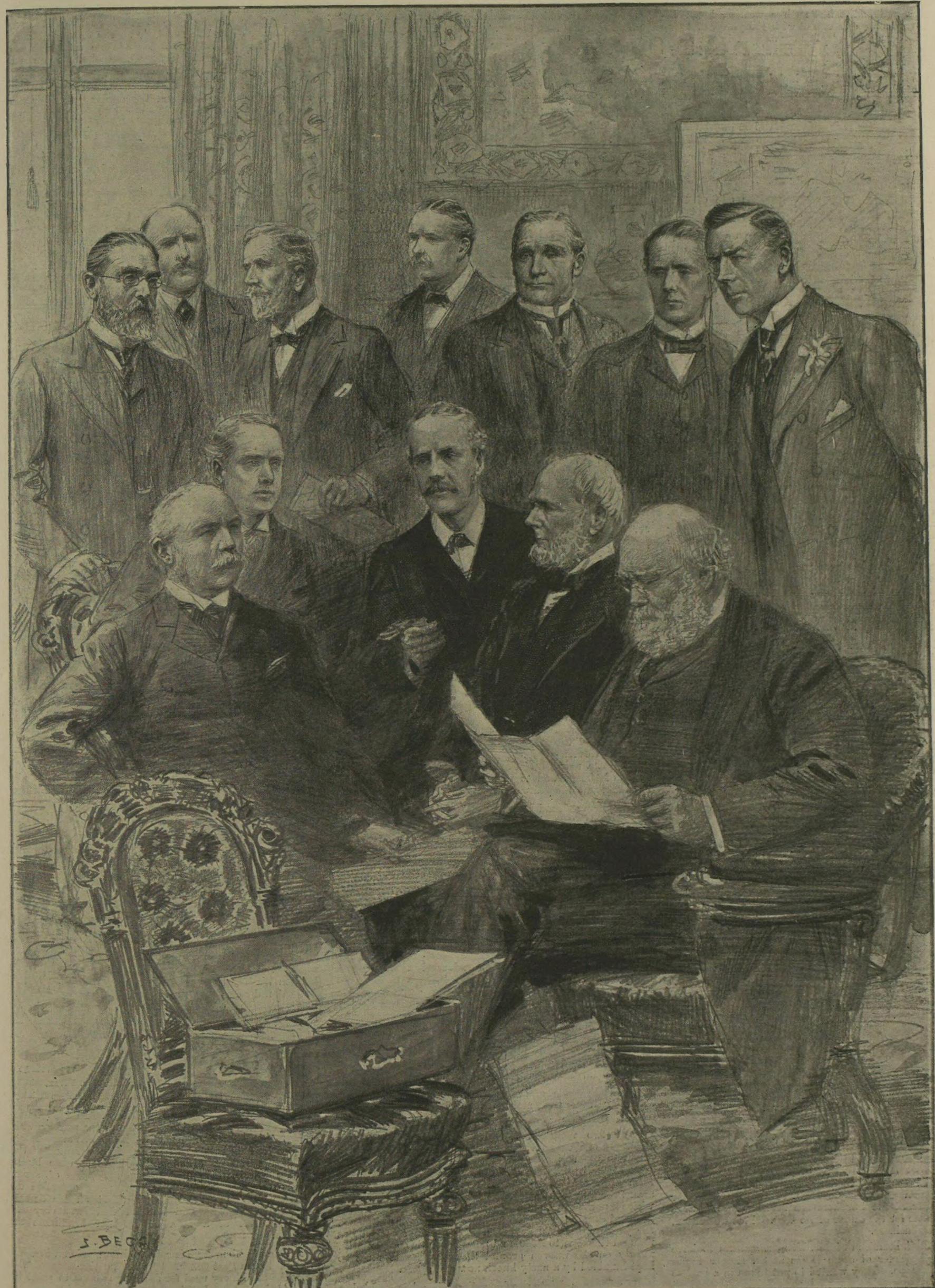
*Photo. Voigt, Berlin.*

The Lord Mayor. Lord Balfour of Burleigh. Lord George Hamilton.

Mr. Akers-Douglas.

Sir Henry Fowler.

Lord Cadogan. Mr. Chamberlain.



Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman. Lord Rosebery.

Mr. A. J. Balfour.

Lord Kimberley.

Lord Salisbury.

THE QUEEN VICTORIA MEMORIAL: MEMBERS OF THE COMMITTEE APPOINTED BY KING EDWARD VII.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.

## PERSONAL.

The Coronation is not expected before May of next year. There have been rumours that it would be held in the summer of this year; but the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall will be absent on their Australian tour until the autumn, and the King is not likely to be crowned before they return.

Li-Hung-Chang is reported to be seriously ill again. Never has a diplomatist had such a wearing life. Li-Hung-Chang has been entrusted with the policy of tiring out the "foreign devils." It may succeed in the course of a generation or two, but in the meantime it must use up a good deal of native genius.

Canon William Bright, who had been suffering from the effects of a paralytic seizure, died at Christ Church, Oxford, on Wednesday morning last week. The son of a Town Clerk of Doncaster, he was born in that place in 1824, and at the age of thirteen went to Rugby. The teaching of Arnold turned out in Canon Bright's case a man as devoted to High Church principles as Arthur Penrhyn Stanley was to Broad. The two names are not mentioned at random; for Bright and Stanley, besides

being pupils of Arnold, were both of them Canons of Christ Church and Regius Professors of Ecclesiastical History. At University College, Oxford, he had a distinguished career in classics and in theology. Ordained, he went to Scotland, and became in time Theological Tutor at Trinity College, Glenalmond. A letter to a friend, in which he expressed doubts as to the good results of the Reformation, ended his Scottish connection; but in 1868 Oxford provided a refuge, and a sphere of learned usefulness for one who excelled, perhaps, all his contemporaries in his knowledge of the early history of the Church in England.

A Jesuit Abbé in the French Chamber has indignantly denied the statement that the Jesuits in France carry on the manufacture of cigarettes. Why he should regard this as a reflection on the character of any religious order is not plain. Excellent liqueurs are made by monks. Is a cigarette more worldly than a liqueur?

Mr. Henniker-Heaton tells some touching anecdotes of the Deputy Postmaster-General of Victoria. That official has repeatedly consented to give up letters which, had they been duly transmitted, would have caused social havoc. In this country a letter, once posted, is beyond recall. If it were not, every post-office would be thronged with tearful applicants for the return of hasty missives which second thoughts had condemned. St. Martin's-le-Grand would like to have the Victorian Postmaster's kind heart, but it has not the time.

The Rev. Alexander Roberts, D.D., for twenty-eight years Professor of Humanity in the University of St. Andrews, died on Wednesday, last week, at Mitcham Park, Surrey. Born in Kincardineshire in 1826, he was educated at the Grammar School and the University of Aberdeen, and, taking orders, served as a Presbyterian minister in his native town and in London from 1852 till 1871, when he began his long tenure of office at St. Andrews. His great knowledge of ancient languages made him a useful member of the New Testament

Revision Committee; and his literary attainments were otherwise shown in such publications as "Greek, the Language of Christ and His Apostles," and his "Inquiry into the Original Language of St. Matthew's Gospel."

Mr. Kruger is said to have declared that any terms of peace which do not recognise the independence of the Boers will be disavowed by the "Transvaal Government." This is not politics, but monomania. In the Orange River Colony many of the burghers are beginning to show a strong distaste for the career of De Wet. It is wonderful, but it is not business.

Hans Elof, grandson of Mr. Kruger, appears to have been the ringleader of some Boers at St. Helena in an attempt to escape. They wanted to put to sea in a boat so leaky that it was seldom used by the fishermen to whom it belonged. The fishermen did not approve the enterprise, and after an ineffectual struggle Hans Elof's spirited adventure came to an end. Several Boers are believed to have escaped from Ceylon, and one fugitive is said to have arrived in Paris.

Many years ago the North of Scotland was aroused to wonderment by a phenomenon known as the "black rain of Slains," which learned authorities connected with a great eruption of Vesuvius. The matter is recalled by the fall of red and yellow snow in the Austrian Alps, and the red rain reported from Sicily during the present week. A natural and plausible explanation seems to be that clouds of sand have been blown from the Libyan Desert. Less scientific is the rash prognostication of a morning contemporary, which announced in its Wednesday's poster: "Red rain due here to-day." Truly, the ingenuity of the "news investigator" surpasses itself.

Princess Henry of Battenberg's personal property is to be removed from Windsor Castle to the Isle of Wight, whither her Royal Highness will return at the close of her visit to the Continent.

The Grand Priory of the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem in England has received this week an accession of Knights and Ladies of Justice and Knights and Ladies of Grace. The names of the Duke of Portland, Sir Frederick Forestier-Walker, Mr. Langman, and Mr. J. Van Alan will be recognised as thoroughly representative ones among the Knights; and the Ladies include Georgiana, Countess of Dudley, Lady Edward Cecil, Lady Charles Cavendish-Bentinck, and also Mrs. George Cornwallis-West, otherwise Lady Randolph Churchill, who is remembered for her services on the Maine.

The Queen of Italy has ordered a hundred cradles and a hundred sets of baby-clothes to be distributed among the babies born in Rome on the same day as her own.

London is to have a hand in the memorial to Verdi, that has its headquarters of organisation in Milan. Signor Alberto Randegger is the Chairman of the Committee, half of whose members are to be Englishmen and half Italians.

Sir Henry Colvile sat "under the clock" during the two nights' debate about his withdrawal from his command at Gibraltar. In any case, the debate was something of a tragedy, but it was made more so by the presence of the man most affected by the result of the voting.

The Hon. J. Rose Innes, K.C., and now Chief Justice of the Transvaal—the first under British rule—is the son of J. Rose Innes, late Cape Under-Secretary for Native Affairs, and a nephew by marriage of Sir Gordon Sprigg. Educated at Gill College, Somerset East, and at Cape University, he entered the Cape Parliament in 1884, and after six years was Attorney-General in the Rhodes Ministry. Later, he was sent by the High Commissioner to the trial of the Raid prisoners at Pretoria, to watch on behalf of the British Government. The new Chief Justice knows, therefore, something of the ground to which his new duties take him. He married, some years ago, Miss Pringle, of Bedford.

The young Grand Duke Ernst Ludwig of Hesse, grandson of the Queen, has recently established a colony of artists at Darmstadt, having in view the development of art in the direction of technical education and of industry. The little colony, which includes sculptors and architects, is to hold an exhibition on its own account in May.

In Fleet Street the hammers of the house-breaker and the auctioneer have given passing revival to the fame of No. 27 and to the Old Bell Tavern. On the site of the former house, now in process of demolition, stood the Hercules Pillars tavern, where Pepys found a comfortable dinner for tenpence.

He who intervenes in a quarrel rarely receives from either combatant the blessing that belongs to a peacemaker. The Duke of Westminster, seeing two dogs in a quarrel, decided to separate them, with the result that he got a nasty bite in the hand. The consequence was that he appeared in the hunting-field the other day with his arm in a sling.

Three members of the Privy Council have had their names replaced on the roll although they have not taken the oaths of loyalty to Edward VII. These are Lord Hope-toun, Lord Curzon, and Lord Pauncefote, all detained by affairs of Government and State in distant parts.

The Court of Appeal, within the last few days, has revised two verdicts of juries carrying damages for libel. In one case an architect's clerk sued his master's client for an inaccurate post-card stating that the "quantities" sent were "entirely wrong." The clerk got from a jury £5, carrying with it £140 costs, but that award the Court of Appeal has set aside. In another case, where a newspaper had made rather free comments on a reported case involving the freshness of some tinned goods, the jury gave £1900 damages. The Court of Appeal has reduced this sum to £500, and names even this, apparently, mostly on the uneven ground that newspapers must be kept humbled by a nasty knock now and again.

Sir Thomas Lipton, whom the King has created a Knight Commander of the Victorian Order, and whom the Highland Light Infantry Volunteer Battalion in Glasgow has made an Honorary Colonel, has had his first look at the new yacht *Shamrock II.*, with which the America Cup may or may not be lifted in the autumn.

The two *Shamrocks* will be seen together on the Clyde in June during two days' racing open to the yachts of all nations.

The influence of Sir Walter Scott is one that would be grudged for the first time if it led to the exclusion of the Imperial opal from the King's Crown. The superstition that the opal brings ill-luck has its charter in one of his novels, and is illustrated in real life by the statement that Mary Queen of Scots and Marie Antoinette both had opals among their wedding-jewels. Perhaps they had, and a good many other things besides. The opal has borne the burden for so long a time that one may now recall in its favour the fact that Queen Victoria ranked it among her favourite gems. Decidedly a lucky stone.

The Hon. R. Bond, who has been Premier and Colonial Secretary of Newfoundland for a year, is a Devonshire man by descent.

His father, Mr. John Bond, a native of Torquay, conducted an extensive business in St. John's, Newfoundland, as a branch of William Hounsell and Co. established at Bridport, Dorsetshire. Mr. Bond thought of going to the Bar, but before his studies were complete he decided to be a law-maker rather than a law-interpreter, and he entered the Legislature accordingly. That was in 1880, and four years later

he was Speaker of the House of Assembly. From 1890 to 1897 he served as Colonial Secretary, and was besides a delegate to the Home Government on the still unsettled French Treaties question. His appointment to assist Lord Pauncefote in negotiating a Reciprocity Treaty with the United States had its results in the Bond-Blaine Convention. The Fisheries question has officially engaged Mr. Bond's attention time and again before now; and he was a leading spirit of the Ottawa Conference of 1895.

Mr. H. Gwynne, Reuter's Special Correspondent in Cape Colony, has written a warm defence of the British soldier against the venomous slanders of which he has been the object since the beginning of the South African Campaign. Of a certain pamphlet Mr. Gwynne says, "I have been an eye-witness of a hundred acts of courtesy towards women, gentleness towards children, and high chivalry towards the wounded or captured enemy, and when I read such horrible insinuations as that contained in the pamphlet it is no wonder that I feel and write strongly."

The District Messenger Service is not to be suppressed, the Post Office having consented to a reasonable compromise. It is pleasant to record a rare instance in which the pressure of public opinion has had a salutary influence on a Government department. The chairman of the District Messenger Company expresses his gratitude to Lord Londonderry and Mr. Austen Chamberlain, but especially to the Press, which has unanimously backed the company in the interests of public convenience.

The Rev. Alfred Povah, D.D., whose death took place at his London residence on Feb. 27, leaves behind him a record of much

beneficent Church work. Born seventy-seven years ago, Dr. Povah was educated at Wadham College, Oxford, and was ordained in 1848. He served as curate at St. James's, Westminster, St. Saviour's, Southwark, St. Alphege, London Wall, and St. Andrew Undershaft. From 1850 to 1860 he occupied himself with scholastic work at St. Saviour's Grammar School, Southwark, of which he was Head Master, and at Dulwich College. In 1860 he was appointed Rector of St. Olave, Hart Street, a position which he held for forty years. With St. Olave's was amalgamated the parish of Allhallows Staining. The revenues of this, one of the richest benefices in England, were by Dr. Povah's provision applied to the assistance of several more necessitous parishes; and a more extended distribution was arranged to take effect on his decease. Dr. Povah's memory will be cherished by a very wide circle as that of a man of singular kindness and devotion.

A firm of pill-makers is said to have made an insidious proposal to the Post Office. The authorities were asked to allow the machinery used for defacing stamps to print the name of the immortal pills. In return for this concession the firm offered to bear the cost of the whole machinery and to pay a very large sum in addition. Another enterprising house was willing to supply all the census-papers if it were allowed to reserve a small space for the advertisement of its wares. Neither proposal was accepted.

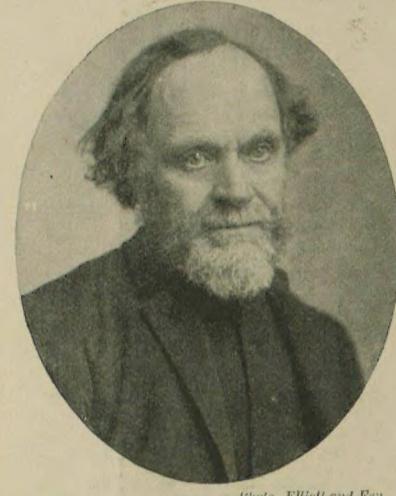
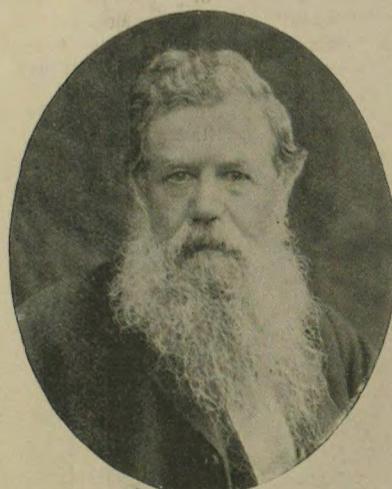


Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE CANON BRIGHT,  
Professor of Ecclesiastical History, Oxford.

Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE HON. J. ROSE INNES,  
First British Chief Justice of the Transvaal.THE LATE DR. ROBERTS,  
Professor of Humanity at St. Andrews.

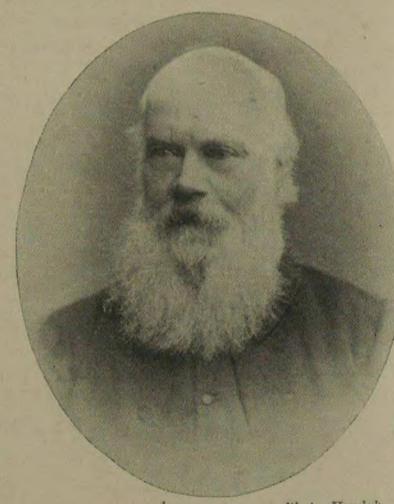
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Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE HON. R. BOND,  
Premier of Newfoundland.THE LATE REV. DR. POVAH,  
Rector of St. Olave's and Allhallows Staining.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

### THE KING AND RELIGIOUS DEPUTATIONS.

On the morning of Tuesday, March 12, at St. James's Palace, King Edward VII. received deputations from the Convocation of Canterbury, the Convocation of York, the University of London, the Protestant Dissenting Ministers of the three denominations, the English Presbyterian body in London and Westminster, and the Society of Friends. His Majesty drove, escorted by Life Guards, in a closed carriage from Marlborough House to St. James's Palace, and was attended in the Throne Room by the Lord Chamberlain, the Home Secretary, and for a few minutes by the Duke of Cornwall and Lord Roberts. The Canterbury Address was presented by Dr. Temple, that from the Convocation of York by Dr. MacLagan, and the others by leaders of the various bodies represented. To these expressions of loyalty and duty the King returned in each case a gracious reply. The time was when the Society of Friends refused, on a point of conscience, to uncover in presence of royalty; but these extreme views have long been modified, and on Tuesday last the Quaker delegates omitted no punctilio of deference. It is curious to recall that when a similar visit was paid to Queen Victoria, the "Friends" hats were removed by the Palace attendants as the delegates ascended the stair.

### THE "OPHIR."

The twin-screw steam-ship *Ophir*, now famous in her rôle of royal yacht, prepared for an Imperial tour, was built to run as a mail and passenger steamer between England and Australia in the Orient Line. In that capacity she won a reputation for safety and for comfort which gains for her the distinction of carrying the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York over half the world. Her designs were prepared in accordance with the findings of the latest Board of Trade Committee upon the subdivision of ships, so that her watertight bulkheads enable her to float in safety with any two compartments broken open to the sea. Further security is afforded by a cellular double bottom, subdivided into watertight compartments, and extending almost the whole length of the ship. The boiler-rooms, both of them watertight, are placed sixty-two feet apart; the steam-pipes are in watertight casing; and a longitudinal watertight bulkhead divides the engine-rooms. "A floating palace" is the term that has been applied to the yacht, and may pass. There are royal apartments on different decks—drawing-rooms "panelled in rosewood and satinwood, with inlay," "the carpet a deep-pile Saxony of a delicate fawn colour," and so forth, and so forth; smoking-rooms, writing-rooms "upholstered in blue leather," grand staircases, and a dining-saloon (with a table to seat fifty-six persons at need) that contrives to pay a double debt as a concert-room between meals. The kitchens, the bath-rooms, the wine-cellars, the barber's shop, and the laundry may be left undescribed. The *Ophir* returned from its last Australian trip only three days before Christmas; and a wonderfully busy time Captain Pitt, R.N., of the Admiralty Transport Department, the ship's carpenters, and Messrs. Waring and Sons, the decorators, have had. The *Ophir*, as we know, carries about 27 naval officers, 125 bluejackets, 100 marines, 37 bandsmen, and 20 boys, 50 stewards, 9 cooks, 3 bakers, 7 engineer officers, with a large staff of (vaccinated) stokers, etc., bringing up to about 525 the number on board, all told. The pictures which we publish are supplied by the courtesy of Messrs. Anderson and Anderson.

### THE QUEEN VICTORIA MEMORIAL.

The Provisional Committee of the Queen Victoria Memorial, appointed by command of the King, has decided that the memorial shall be "of a personal and monumental character," and that the site shall be near the Abbey and Palace of Westminster. Some of these historic Committee meetings have been held at the Foreign Office, no doubt for the convenience of Ministers, represented by Lord Salisbury, Mr. Chamberlain, Lord George Hamilton, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Earl Cadogan, Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Akers-Douglas. Other Provisional Committee members are Lord Rosebery, Lord Kimberley (unluckily too ill to attend the meetings), Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman,

Sir H. Fowler and the Lord Mayor, with Viscount Esher as secretary. The sub-committee appointed to carry into execution the general scheme agreed upon met on Monday at St. James's Palace, when there were present Lord Esher, Lord Windsor, Major-General Sir Arthur Ellis, Sir Edward Poynter, Mr. A. B. Freeman-Mitford, Mr. W. Emerson, and Mr. Sidney Colvin. Subscriptions

said that no one individual can be at once a Broad, a High, and a Low Churchman, and that therefore no appointment can give universal satisfaction among opposites. Dr. Winnington-Ingram, however, is the professor of principles most in favour with the majority of Churchmen. He is, moreover, a man of moderate expression and of clear speech. The social needs of his immensely populated diocese are familiar to him, as anybody may know who reads his "Work in Great Cities." He is an apt controversialist—witness his answers to "Popular Objections to Christianity." The new Bishop, who, by the way, is an earnest advocate of the Higher Education of Women, is the first celibate holder of the see since the Reformation—not, however, it is understood, on grounds of ecclesiastical discipline.

### PRACTICE FOR THE BOAT-RACE.

The Oxford crew, on Saturday afternoon last week, with Mr. Culme-Seymour at stroke, made a journey down stream from Henley, broken up into long spells of paddling and short pieces of hard rowing, the former at the regulation stroke of 25 to 27 in the minute and the latter at the raised rate of 30. On the return journey from Hambledon Lock the oarsmen got away at a stroke of 33 to the minute, and settled down by degrees to 31 and then 30. The Rectory at Remenham was reached in 6 min. 58 sec.; the Boathouse at Fawley Court in 8 min. 42 sec.; Bushey Gate in 10½ min.; and the time to Henley Bridge was 15 min. 5 sec. On the morning of the same day the Cambridge crew had little more than half-an-hour's exercise, traversing about three miles at a paddling stroke of 26 a minute. The spin was taken chiefly to test the new boat, though a hard piece of rowing took place between the railway bridge at Bourne End and the bridge at Cookham. This stretch of water was covered in 5 min. 25 sec. and an average of 30 strokes to the minute was maintained, with bursts of 32, and, at the finish, 33. In the afternoon, despite a stiff wind blowing against the stream, the full course was rowed, in the presence of a large number of spectators.

### FOOTBALL:

#### ENGLAND v. SCOTLAND.

English Rugby footballers, lately out of luck, have not yet managed to make amends this season for the reverses of two years ago, when they lost all the international matches. After being beaten by Wales and Ireland away from home, the representatives of England on Saturday afternoon last week suffered a decisive defeat at Blackheath from the representatives of Scotland. Many

old Rugby players watched the game, the spectators also including Mr. A. J. Balfour and Lord Hugh Cecil, fresh from scrimmage, if not "scrummage," on the floor of the House of Commons. But the game ended with a victory for Scotland by three goals and a try to a try.

### THE SOMALILAND EXPEDITIONS.

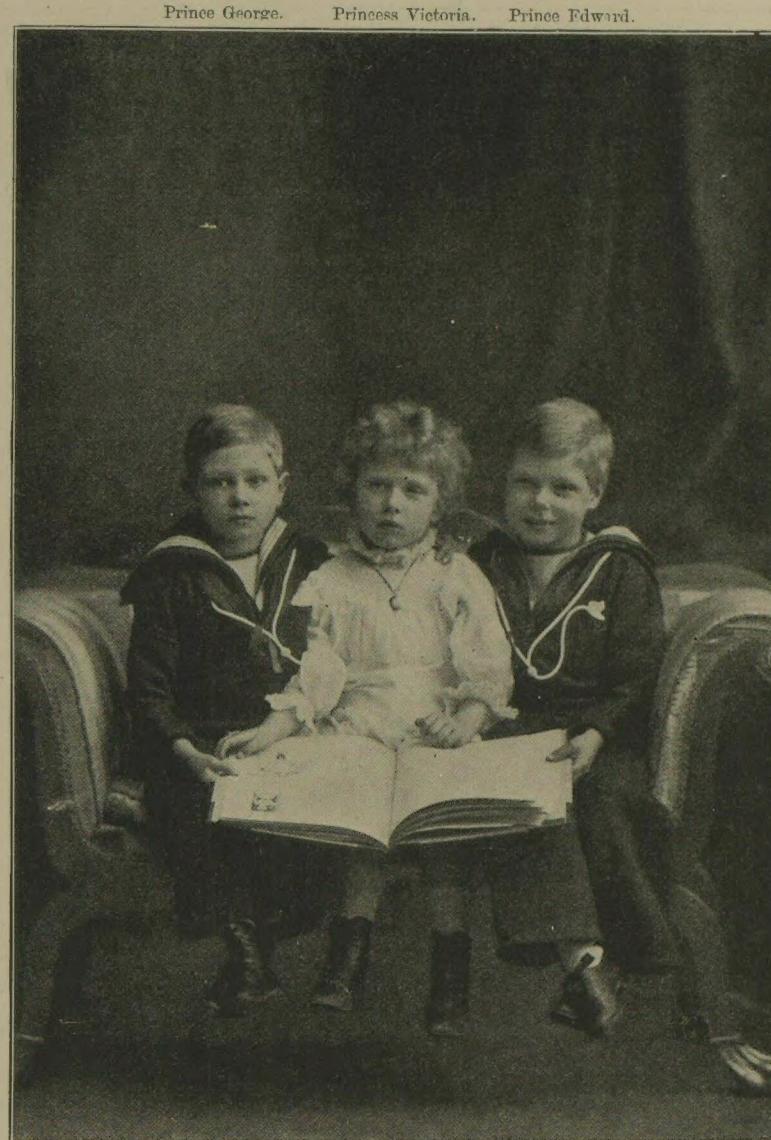
The Ogaden punitive force in Somaliland has hardly come to the end of its work before another expedition in the northern districts is being planned. The Ogaden Somalis, against whom we charge the murder of Mr. Jenner, British Sub-Commissioner, did battle with our force on Feb. 16 near the edge of the Boran Desert. They tried, unsuccessfully, to rush our camp, and in the ten minutes' conflict that ensued, Lieutenant-Colonel Maitland, of the Bombay Medical Service, and seventeen native rank and file and followers were killed.

The expedition in Northern Somaliland is designed to curb the raids of the "Mad Mullah" along the Anglo-Abyssinian boundary. Indian troops will be employed, together with a specially raised Somali force; and King Menelik will be our ally.

### MR. KIPLING AS ARTIST.

Rudyard Kipling's verbal satires on cumbrous systems are familiar; his pictorial jibes are more of a novelty. One of these, in which he conceives the British

chase of De Wet in the guise of something between a rickety steam-roller, a railway breakdown apparatus, and an armoured train, we are this week enabled to present to our readers. The joke bears further looking into, and careful examination will reveal a host of amusing details. The artistic mantle of the father rests not ungracefully on the shoulders of the son.

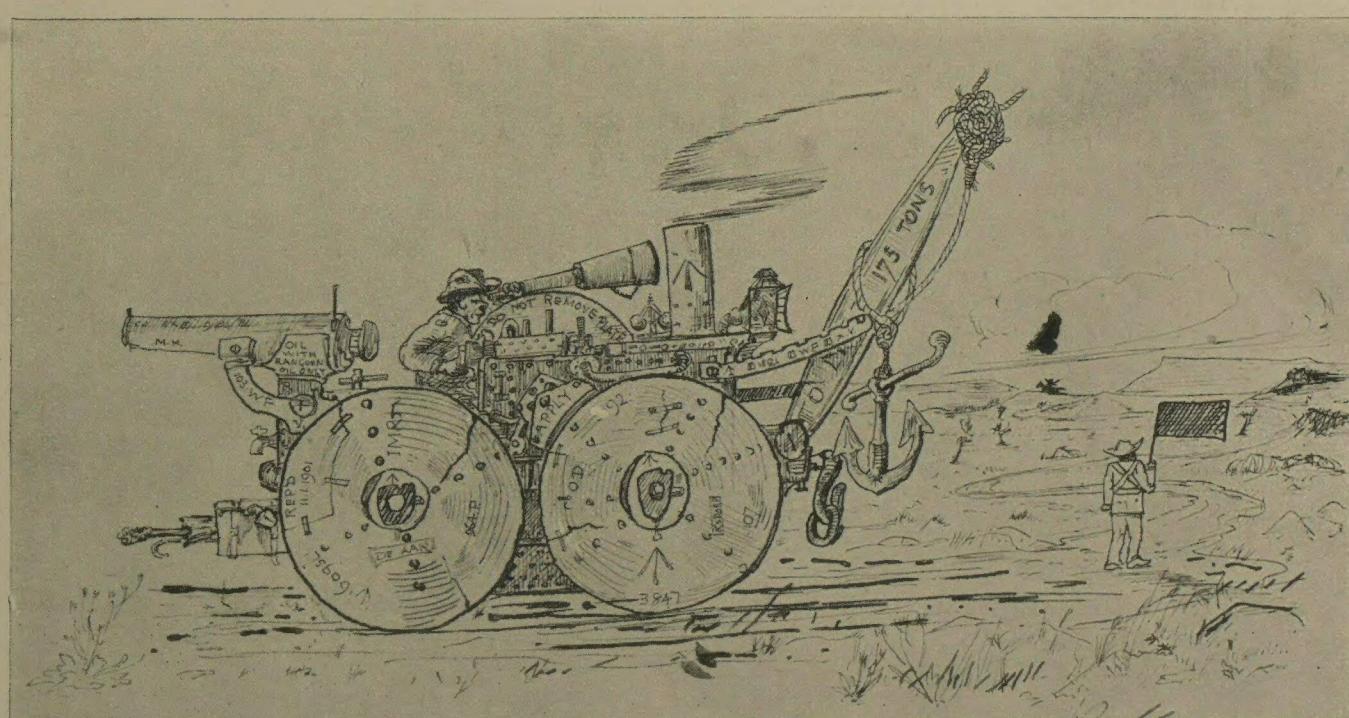


THE THREE ELDEST CHILDREN OF THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK.

### THE NEW BISHOP OF LONDON.

The Right Rev. Arthur Foley Winnington-Ingram, D.D., the new Bishop of London, was born in January 1858, being the fourth son of the Rev. E. Winnington-Ingram and Louisa, daughter of Bishop Pepys. Educated at Marlborough and at Keble College, he took a First Class in Classical Moderations, and other distinctions. Taking orders, he became in 1884 curate of St. Mary's, Shrewsbury, and a year later entered on new duties as private chaplain to the Bishop of Lichfield. In 1888 came another

already pour in, the Mansion House Fund being a particularly long and strong one.



RUDYARD KIPLING AS AN ARTIST: THE NOVELIST'S ALLEGORICAL VIEW OF THE CHASE OF DE WET.

DRAWN BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

turn in his career, yet more important as a preparation for the episcopal work he was afterwards to undertake. This was the headship of Oxford House, Bethnal Green. Nine years had been passed in this service, to which he had united the duties of Rector of Bethnal Green and Rural Dean of Spitalfields, when, in 1897, he became Suffragan Bishop of Stepney. It has been plaintively





ILLUSTRATED BY A FORESTIER.

her invariable curtsey and flutter to obey with an alacrity at which the little Princess laughed till she cried.

So it was in this quite unwonted twitter of excitement that she went with the Margravial family to Schloss Tannenfels that autumn. And here it was that the strange things we are about to narrate happened to her.

The very first morning, when the Princess awoke from the heavy sleep which had followed on the fatigues of the journey, she looked out from under the great billowing blue silk eiderdown to see a rosy-faced woman, with plaits of corn-coloured hair wound around and around her head, on her knees before the china stove, stuffing sticks into its capacious interior. Now, this woman was strange to the Princess, so she sat up in bed, propped her head upon her hand (that little head that ought to have been a mass of sunshiny curls, and yet was so rigidly powdered and plastered day by day!) and said, smiling—

"What has become of old Gretel?"

Old Gretel was she who had been used to light the Princess's fire in the previous autumns.

The woman sprang up from her knees with a half-frightened start and looked at the Princess's little pink face, smiling out of the bed at her; but reassured by the cherubic innocence of this exalted person's appearance, she dropped a rustic curtsey and, her own comely, ruddy countenance beaming back goodwill, answered in broad, peasant lingo—

"Gretel, may it please the Fräulein Princesskin, Gretel has the rheumatics so bad in her poor old bones that she can come no longer to the castle. And so the most gracious gentleman, the steward, has engaged me for the work during the Highnesses' visit. My grandmother stays at home now in the little house and minds the cooking, and I rise with the dawn and come every morning from the forest hither. Before that I used to mind the cooking for her, that is, when she worked here—for Gretel is my grandmother, may it please the Princesskin."

The fire roared and crackled up the stovepipes.

"Pull back the curtains," said the little Princess, "and open the windows, that I may smell the trees."

It was a brilliant sunshiny day, and the smell of the pine-trees was glorious, so the little Princess thought; she sat up in bed and sniffed and sniffed as if she could never sniff enough. The good-natured peasant woman, with her hands planted akimbo on her sturdy hips, burst out laughing—

"Na, Miss Princess," she said, "that is something like, is it not?"

The little Princess laughed in concert. Nobody had ever spoken like that to her before. It was delightful! And what ropes of hair the woman had about her head, and what a nice hard, red cheek! It looked as fresh and as healthy as the mountain itself. In the coarse white kerchief which was folded across her bosom there was fastened a little

**I**N the middle of the last century there was born a little Franconian Princess, who, as she grew up, was always laughing. Even when other babies cried, she had laughed; had cut her teeth with crows of joy over the coral; had danced in the sunbeams before she could articulate—*Glückskind*, her nurse had called her.

She lived in the dull old Court of the dull little State of Ansbach-Grünberg; for those were days when the Empire was still a patchwork of Duchies and Principalities, great and small—mostly small. Her father was Margrave of Ansbach.

Both he and the Margravine were advanced in life when they married, and this was the only child. Consequently the little Princess had no companions of her own standing, and few of any other; for neither her mother nor her governesses approved of undue familiarity with those beneath her in station. Her life was regulated like the clocks in the Residenz. A prisoner, it seemed, would have had more chance of indulging in harmless amusements than had the Princess Charlotte Otilia Isabella. And yet, as she grew from a baby to a child, from a child to a maiden and reached the ripe age of seventeen years, the little Princess, girded in as she was, kept her merry heart. Her governesses thought it quite indecorous; most deplorable! But the Special Envoy of His Most Christian Majesty Louis XV., the Well-Beloved (who stopped almost a whole week at the Residenz), proclaimed her the real sunshine of Ansbach; *la jolie Princesse Rit-Toujours*, he had been heard to call her. At this dull little Court, French was, of course, the only tongue of "good tone," even as everywhere else on the Continent; and thus *Rit-Toujours* became the loving name of the little Princess among the many, old and young, who loved her; that is, when they were not actually stifled by Court formality.

The Margravine, however, long-faced and dismal, never responded but by a sigh to the frankest peal of the girl's laughter. As for the Margrave, a pompous and yet strangely fussy man, the responsibility of his army (six hundred and seventy men and twenty-one drummer-boys), of his Privy Council of eight distinguished Ansbach-Grünbergers, of his ninety-two and a half miles of frontier, his doll's-house Ministry, were matters which left him but little leisure for mere family concerns. Thus the Princess's life ran its course with a daily level of dullness; it was indeed a merciful dispensation that she was able to take her joyousness from within.

In the winter, the solemn, dreary old palace in the solemn, dreary little old town. In the hot weather, the sleepy Sommer Schloss, seven miles out. In the autumn,

the occasional visit to the hunting-lodge in the mountainous district at the farthest limits of the realm, quite thirty miles away. And so the year went around again to winter and the town. Yet through it all the little Princess knew not a sad hour; nothing could rob her of her light heart, her bubbling sense of fun, her young joy in her young life.

Of all the months of the year, that of the visit to the shooting-lodge was the most satisfying to her cheerful soul. There they went in smaller state; the rigid rules of etiquette were relaxed. The little Princess had actually been known to snatch unrebuked an hour or two of absolute liberty in the woods. And then there were the woods themselves—the wide, beautiful, free woods, with the wind always murmuring in the treetops, and the brooks chattering down the stones, and new, unexplored mysteries of green glades at every turn; with the smell of the autumn leaves, the hidden, fascinating life of myriad feathered and furred things. It seemed as if the little Princess took away with her, from this all-too-brief sojourn in the heart of Nature, a provision of content and sweet memories for the other eleven months.

Now, the year when Charlotte Otilia Isabella—these were the first three of the little Princess's many names—reached the age of seventeen, was one fraught with very deep importance. First of all, after her seventeenth birthday she was pronounced emancipated from school-room control, and her governesses were discharged with a handsome pension. A lady-in-waiting was appointed to her, who, although she seemed very ancient in the little Princess's eyes, was, nevertheless, the youngest person about the Court except herself, and who had not such iron notions of the rules of life for Princesses as the deposed authority. Next, just before the emigration from the summer-residence to the woods and mountains, the little Princess had been conscious of a certain stir in the stagnant atmosphere. She was promoted to silks and satins; immense powdered erections on her head, and certain elaborate family jewels. And the rumour grew and spread that, now she was of marriageable age, the Margrave and Margravine were endeavouring to secure a suitable alliance for her.

The Princess did not trouble her head very much about the matter, but it amused her, even as the new frocks amused her, the high-heeled shoes that went click-click, and the delightful feeling of being able to order about instead of being ordered about.

"Toggenburg, get me some blue silk. Toggenburg, play me that minuet of Scarlatti. Toggenburg, order coffee."

And good, lank, pale-eyed, pale-haired Mademoiselle de Toggenburg, the new lady-in-waiting, would drop

bunch of violets. Half hidden they were, but yet the Princess saw them and thought it was just what had been wanted to complete her pleasure. She knew it was not at all etiquette for a servant to sport such an adornment.

"From where hast thou the violets?" said she.

The woman blushed and smiled a singular smile, and hid them away in her bosom.

"Ach! from der Josef," she said, and, shutting the stove-door, she dropped her curtsey and pattered out of the room. As she went the little Princess noticed that she held her hand over the kerchief where the violets lay, as if she kept something precious there that she loved. And the laughter died away upon Charlotte Ottilia Isabella's lips, and she began to wonder, who was der Josef? And why did the woman look like that? And what did that smile mean?

She had never seen anything so strange before, and, wondering, she forgot to laugh.

A little later, however, she had good cause for merriment. A courier came to the castle that morning. Post-haste, he had ridden from the capital all through the night. There was great agitation at his arrival; and the Margrave, who had been going out shooting, put off the chase, so that the Princess knew that most important indeed must be the news that was brought.

In the afternoon she was summoned, with extreme formality, to the Margrave's private room. There she found her father and mother alone; on the table between them lay a great document with red seals and several other papers. Her mother's long, solemn face was flushed. Her father was hopping from leg to leg, mopping his forehead, though the day was not over-warm; his eyes looked more protruding than ever as he rolled them at her over his heavy, gold-rimmed spectacles.

"Come hither, my dear, come hither," said he. "You are growing a big girl, aye, aye. I suppose you are quite aware that it is time to be looking out for a husband, hey?" He pinched her cheek; he was in high good humour.

The little Princess began to laugh, the idea was so comical.

"Oh, dear," sighed the Margrave, "how can your Highness speak to her like that? The child has been far too well brought up ever to think of such a thing."

And then the Princess laughed again. As if the word "husband" had not been echoing in the air for the last three months!

"Well, tell her yourself," said the Margrave. "It is the mother's business, after all."

"Oh, dear!" sighed the Margrave, "a mother's responsibilities are very great, but never so great as in a person of my position. Come and sit by me, Charlotte Ottilia Isabella. You are aware that it has ever been your father's and my desire to provide for your welfare and happiness. The time has now arrived," said the Margrave, "when it becomes our duty to think of selecting a suitable consort for you. A consort, my dear."

"The fact is," interrupted the Margrave impetuously, "we have had a most unexpected offer for your hand,

most unexpected and most gratifying, aye, aye!" He pinched her cheek again. "Who would have thought that this chit was destined to be a reigning Princess?" Here he drew back a step, puffed out his cheeks, blew very hard, and wagged his head till his little pigtail stood on end. "A reigning Princess, hey! That is something! What do you say to that, Princesskin?"

"A most magnificent alliance," the Margrave went trickling on, "and one, child, which we, the Margrave, your father, and myself, have no doubt will insure the life's happiness of our very dear daughter. It is a great satisfaction to feel that your education has been so carefully attended to, that you are fit for the highest station."

she liked the sound of them, "is most greatly and most justly esteemed, not only by his own devoted subjects, but by all the potentates of the world. He is reported to be one of the richest sovereigns of the Empire. We can the better trust our beloved daughter into his keeping that he has passed the first giddiness of youth. The late Duchess of Lusatia, his lamented first spouse," went on the Margrave, fixing a somewhat hard eye upon her daughter, "was well known to be deservedly happy, and widely envied in her exalted position. I am sure my daughter's merits will be no less—"

"And she has left no children," interrupted the irrepressible Margrave, "otherwise, you understand, my child, the alliance would not be so magnificent as it is."

"Is that the portrait of the Duke of Lusatia?" said the Princess.

She felt somewhat bewildered. The vision of the young Prince in the crimson mantle was quite obliterated.

"A most noble countenance," said the Margrave, taking the miniature from her husband's hand.

"A confoundedly fine man," said the Margrave, who liked to speak bluff and after the soldier fashion.

The Princess held out her hands; they trembled a little. But when she had looked at the portrait she burst out laughing—one of her childlike, uncontrolled peals—and she looked and laughed and looked and laughed again, till the precious miniature shook in her hands and the tears rolled down her plump cheeks.

Was this the reigning Duke, her future husband? This funny, fat man, with his queer nose, with his seas of cheek, his solemn, vacant eyes? Certainly the artist had given him a fine pink-and-white complexion, had painted his eyes very blue and his pursed-up mouth very pink; and his powdered periwig had beautiful, nice, tight, round curls! Nevertheless—

"Why, he has three chins," said the little Princess as soon as she could speak; and then she was off again. "Three chins! Ha, ha, ha! He, he, he!"

"Is our daughter daft?" said the Margrave, growing very red in the face. "Is this your fine bringing up, Madam?"

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" sighed the Margrave, "this is

most unseemly. Oh, my beloved Charlotte Ottilia Isabella, consider your mother's feelings and the frightful responsibilities of her position!"

Then, seeing that they were really shocked at her, the Princess did her best to compose herself. She curtseyed when her father told her that she was the most fortunate of maidens; she kissed her mother's hand and begged her pardon for her ill-timed levity. She never dreamed for an instant of disputing her parents' decision; and so the scowls that had gathered on the Margravial brows became speedily dispersed.

"The child is very nervous," said the Margrave, and bent and kissed her on the forehead. "She has inherited my temperament."

"Na, she is young," said the Margrave; "but marriage will soon sober her! You will have to leave this schoolgirl tittering behind you, Lotte." And he



"From where hast thou the violets?" said she.

"A reigning Princess!" said the girl, jumping to her feet.

She had only seen a reigning Princess once, and that was a very snuffy, fat, ugly old lady, the Margrave's maternal aunt—the late Queen of Poland. But somehow the word conjured up thoughts of gold crowns and marble palaces and a splendid Court; and also a shifty, blurred, and yet glorious vision of a handsome young Prince, with a crown on his head and a red velvet cloak lined with ermine, who held her hand and looked into her eyes.

"The reigning Duke of Lusatia," said the Margrave pompously, "has done us the honour of suing for your hand." As he spoke, he produced from amid the papers on the table a miniature-case of very fine gold and enamel.

"His Serene Highness the Duke of Lusatia," said the Margrave, rolling the words in her plaintive voice as if

tapped her on the head with two hard, dry fingers. And so she was dismissed.

She laughed at intervals in little gusts all day at the thought of her regal suitor, and had a very merry hour narrating the event and describing the portrait to Toggenburg. But Toggenburg had been well drilled, and assured her Highness that the fate before her was more brilliant than words could describe.

The next morning she awoke at peep of day. She had not allowed her curtains to be drawn the previous night, that she might see, she said, the dear trees the first thing upon opening her eyes. And so, like a bird, she was astir with the sun. Delighted, she sprang out of bed, pattered across the polished floor with little bare feet, and opened the casement. Very beautiful her forest looked, yet strange, almost uncanny, in this curious new light, with wreaths of mysterious vapour hanging about the dark pines, pierced here and there by long, level rays. There was a singular stir abroad, as if the great woods, too, were just aroused and stretching themselves. Pearly drops hung on the pine needles, birds called to each other, and flew hither and thither with dew-wet wings.

The Princess leant her elbows on the window-sill and

where the industrious picker was still working away as if for dear life; it seemed the violets were getting scarce. By the erect carriage, the superbly held yellow head, the red petticoat, and the white kerchief, the little Princess easily recognised her new housemaid. The very smile of the dawn seemed to be upon her rosy countenance. At the sound of her footsteps the man looked up.

"My Liserl," he said, and opened his arms. She flew into them, and they held each other close embraced. As the little Princess looked on, her heart beat very strangely and her breath came thick and fast. She saw the man kiss the woman's cheek and then her lips. And then, with arms entwined and heads together, she watched them stroll away.

She drew back from the window and gave a sharp, gasping sigh, as if a strong sea wave had just broken over her.

"That is der Josef," she said to herself decidedly, and slipped back to bed. She shivered a little as she pulled the blue silk curtains over her.

After a while the sturdy forest woman crept in to light the fire, but seeing the Princess's bright eyes fixed upon

father and mother, but they had not been of this description.

"You see," went on the woman, "when Josef gives me the flowers, I give him a kiss for every one; he says that keeps his heart warm till we meet next morning. Fräulein Princesschen does not think there is any harm over the few violets?" added she deprecatingly. "I always start half an hour earlier from home that I may have these minutes with Josef. It is our only meeting in the whole day!"

The little Princess was not heeding her; her mind was grappling with new and startling problems. She sat up in bed, her cheeks flaming.

"I saw you this morning," she said, "and how you went on. Things like that I never beheld in all my life before. What do you do it for?"

"Eh?" said the woman, her jaw dropping in amazement.

"What do you do it for?" repeated the little Princess sharply. "You know what I mean—the kissing, and the way you look when you speak of him, and the flowers and all the rest of it. What does it mean?"

"The Lord love you and preserve you for an innocent,



"The Duchess of Lusatia has a petition to make."

gazed out as if on an enchanted world. She drew in the morning air with long breaths. Somehow, she did not know why, her heart felt strangely soft within her, and she thought again of the vision-Prince she had seen in her fancy yesterday. It was a grave little face, propped upon two white hands, that looked out and saw the morning glory gather.

Presently the sound of footsteps beneath diverted her attention, and, looking down, she saw a smart young Jäger come swaggering around the corner. She knew the man; he was one of her father's attendants at the hunts here, but she had never noticed before what a dapper fellow he was, how young and well-strung was his sinewy form, nor how close and neatly the green livery fitted it. He glanced neither to the right nor to the left, but hurried to the violet bed under her window and, stooping, began to search for flowers.

The little Princess was quite excited; she forgot all about Princes, dream or otherwise. Leaning forward, she gazed down at the thief.

"He has no business," she thought, "to gather the violets!" It was delightful to see somebody doing something against rules.

But presently the scene assumed a new interest: a palpitating interest to the watcher. A straight figure emerged from the forest borders and walked with unerring step to the very spot beneath her,

her from the bed, she dipped and wished her heartily, "Good-morning."

"Good-morning," said the Princess. "Have you got your violets?"

The woman blushed again in the same curious way as yesterday, and up went her hand to the folds of her kerchief.

"Does he gather them for you every morning?" said the little Princess curiously.

The woman sidled toward the bed.

"See you now, Miss Princesschen," she said, "it is like this. When I and the Josef are together, there is no need of the few flowers between us; but since your Highnesses have come to the castle, and Josef has to be about the Lord Margrave and has to sleep in the stables, and I am about my work in the chambers all day, it seems good that I should carry these little things about me over my heart. It keeps me warm-like, and drives away the loneliness. And at night you see, Fräulein Princess, I put them under my pillow, and I dream that Josef is beside me."

"Oh, so!" said the little Princess, who did not understand at all. "And what is Joseph, then, to you?"

"Ei! Gott!" cried the woman, opening her blue eyes wide in amazement. She thought everyone in the world must know. "Josef is ja my man."

"Oh!" said the little Princess again. She had seen a few husbands and wives in her life, beginning with her

Miss Princess," said the woman; "why, that we *love* each other."

"Love?" echoed the little Princess. She had heard about love, of course; children were supposed to love their parents, and were told to love God and that God loved them, and she loved her little spaniel dog and she loved the woods. What a great many different kinds of love there seemed to be!

"Josef and I," said the peasant, the light coming back into her eyes and the smile and the blush to her face, "we loved each other always. Neighbours we were, Miss Highness, and playfellows and schoolmates; and two years agone we got wed, because we loved each other so dearly. Such marriages as ours, the Father Pastor said, are made in Heaven. And there is the sweetest childkin at home your Highness ever saw. Does your Highness like babies?"

"Your marriage was made in Heaven," repeated the little Princess dreamily. Then she suddenly burst out laughing. "My marriage is made by his Highness my papa, and the Ministry," she said. "Only just think: I am to marry and be a reigning Princess! I have seen the picture of my husband; he has a face like the old ox—the father ox, you know, with the big pink face—only he has a nice curled white wig. Can you fancy," said the little Princess, shaking all over with laughter, "can you fancy the old ox in a white wig?"

"Ach! Herrje!" cried the woman, and clapped her hands, "what is the child saying? God preserve us! You cannot be going to marry a gentleman with a face like an ox!"

"But I am," said Charlotte Ottilia Isabella, importantly nodding her head. "He is one of the richest Princes in the Empire—he is the Duke of Lusatia. He has already had one wife, and he is not very young, and I have never seen him. But my mother says I am extremely fortunate."

The peasant woman was nearly in tears. "Fräulein Princesschen, this is something dreadful! It cannot be possible. Why, how could you love a gentleman like that, were he twenty times the Emperor himself!"

"Oh, love," said the little Princess again, and stopped laughing. "You see I have not been told about that."

The wife of Josef stepped quite close up to the bed.

"Your Highness," she said solemnly, "I am only a poor country-woman, but I have been taught my religion, and I know it is God's law that a man must love a maid and a maid must love a man before all things if they wish to wed each other; otherwise it is a great sin."

"Oh!" said the little Princess; and fell back in her bed.

There was silence for a while; Lise stood gazing with pitiful eyes at the childish face and the tossed curls on the pillow. Presently the Princess said faintly—

"You had better light my fire." And there was no more conversation that morning.

In the evening, when the Princess was with her mother and the ladies of the Court after supper, she remarked casually that she would prefer not to espouse the Duke of Lusatia.

Lise sprang to her feet and turned a besmeared and swollen visage toward her.

"Ach! Miss Princess," she cried, then flung her apron over her head and sobbed out loud.

"Mercy on us!" said the little Princess; she did not like to see people cry. "What is the matter?"

Down went the apron.

"Oh, I think my heart is broken! Oh, oh, oh!"

"Oh, dear!" said the little Princess. A broken heart sounded very serious.

"Josef was up home this morning before daybreak," the woman went on between convulsive sobs, "and he says—he says—his Highness is so pleased with his service that he has given orders that he is to accompany him back to the town as one of his private servants. Oh! what shall I do?"

"But, you silly woman," said the Princess, "that is very good news."

"Ah! Miss Princesschen, good news to be separated from my Josef for eleven months!" Then, as if struck by a sudden flash of hope: "If your Highness would speak, would intercede? There is the post of under-ranger, which has been vacant these six months. Josef is so knowing about the woods. A word from your Highness—"

She came quite close to the bed, laid her workworn, roughened fingers upon the little Princess's belaced sleeve, and looked into her chubby face with great, straining eyes.

"If I am going to be a reigning Highness," thought Charlotte Ottilia Isabella, "the least I can expect is to

nodding at the pines; "you shall keep der Josef, and your Liserl will not have to weep."

The pine-tops swayed and nodded back at her.

"They are quite glad," thought Charlotte Ottilia Isabella.

Suddenly across the clearing between the forest and the castle she saw the figure of the new ranger pass like a flash.

"He has gone home with the good news," she thought, and was seized with an intense desire to be witness of his joyful meeting with his wife. She flung a lace shawl over her untidy head, and without other preparation slipped out of the castle and into the rain in her lace and beribboned morning frock and her little yellow satin slippers.

"They can't scold me, now," she told herself, smiling, "that I am going to be a reigning Duchess."

Down the slippery path she went, still smiling, delighted with the falling rain and the wet smell of the leaves and the charming sense of mischief and freedom. Soon a white-washed cottage glimmered before her. She skipped across the wet moss and peeped in at the low window.

"Is this the place?" she wondered.

Sure enough, for that was Liserl's unmistakable yellow head, and there was Liserl sitting in a chair and at her feet knelt the dapper Josef. His arms were around her waist, her hands were on his shoulders; they were looking into each other's eyes. Farther off stood old white-capped Gretel, her wrinkled face all rapture, holding a chubby baby that waved its little hands and feet, and seemed to be crowing and dancing in unison with the general jubilee.



THE FIRST OF TEN SHIPS OF A NEW TYPE: THE FIRST-CLASS CRUISER "KENT," LAUNCHED AT PORTSMOUTH ON MARCH 6, AS SHE WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED.

"Heavens! what is this?" cried the Margravine. "That is, of course," said the little Princess, with her pretty curtsey, "subject to your and my father's pleasure."

"But why?" gasped the exalted mother, too genuinely surprised for the moment to find room for any other feeling.

"Oh, it is very simple!" said Charlotte Ottilia Isabella candidly. "You see, I do not love him, and you know it is God's law that a man must love a maid and a maid must love a man above all things if they wish to wed each other; otherwise it is a great sin."

If the faded blue skies and the swollen cupids on the painted ceilings above them had suddenly launched forth fire and thunderbolts, the poor Margravine could scarcely have been more perturbed.

"Heavens!" she ejaculated, "I never heard such wicked nonsense in my life. Fräulein von Toggenburg, with whom can the Princess have been speaking? Tomorrow, child, the High Chancellor is expected, and your betrothal will be announced."

The little Princess was genuinely concerned and rather ashamed of herself. She went to bed in quite melancholy spirits. She did not wake till the entrance of Lise next morning; but she woke with a smile, for she had been looking forward to this moment. She had hoped, indeed, to have been at the window in time to view a repetition of the palpitating scene of yesterday.

"Have you met your Josef?" she asked, rubbing her eyes and blinking at the kneeling figure that had its back turned toward her. To her surprise, the woman did not answer. The little Princess repeated her question, and was alarmed to see the broad shoulders heave.

"Lise," she said, "what hast thou?"

have my will done. Do not cry, but go home now; you are not fit for work," she said aloud, and placed her delicate hand over the woman's. "I shall see that you get what you want."

Then the little Princess arose in a great hurry. She could hardly wait, indeed, to have her morning chocolate and accomplish her toilet; she was sadly indifferent to decorum, in spite of her excellent up-bringing. She sent, before her hair was powdered, to demand an audience of her father...

This unprecedented request threw the Margrave into a fine fuss. He had heard from the Margravine of the Princess's remarkable conduct of the night before, and anticipated nothing less than set resistance to his cherished desires. He gave orders that his daughter should be admitted immediately—although he himself was yet in his nightcap and dressing-gown—and prepared to receive her with all the thunders of parental authority.

She tripped into the room, however, with the most cheerful countenance in the world, dropped him a magnificent curtsey, and said—

"The Duchess of Lusatia has a petition to make."

The Margrave was so relieved that he would have given her anything she asked on the spot. He pinched the little Princess's cheek and vowed she was a rogue; she clapped her hands, radiant with joy.

Back again in her room, laughing out loud to herself, she rushed to the window to share her happiness with her beloved forest. It was raining hard from a dull grey sky, and the raindrops went patter, patter, patter upon every side. The trees looked as if they liked it, and the little Princess thought it had a pleasant sound.

"We have done a good stroke of business," she said,

In another second Liserl's head sank forward upon Josef's shoulder and the little Princess turned away.

"I don't think I will look at them any more," she said. She turned to make her way home, but her steps were very slow and her face was thoughtful. It had been a very little room she had looked into, but it had held a great joy.

"After all," said the Princess to herself, "it is something to be a reigning Princess; one can always do good!" Then all at once she began to run, stumbling over the rough ground. The mud sucked off one of her yellow slippers, but she would not stop to put it on again; she wanted to get back to her own room as quickly as ever she could, and she did not want anyone to see her. For as she went the little Princess was crying!

The wood-ranger's wife found the yellow slipper in the mud and recognised it at once by its colour and smallness. She lifted it tenderly, cleaned it with her apron, and swore that she never would part with it. And thus it remained in the family, and was a cherished heirloom long after its owner had ceased to laugh—or to weep.

THE END.

#### LAUNCH OF NEW WAR-SHIPS.

On a day arranged last week, at each of the four principal ports an important new war-ship was to be put into the water. The *Montagu* left the stocks at Devonport, the *Albemarle* at Chatham, and the *Drake* at Pembroke; while boisterous weather kept the cruiser *Kent* ashore at Portsmouth for only a few hours. The *Kent* is the first vessel of the "County" class to take the water, ten such vessels being at present under construction.



*Photo, W. and D. Downey*

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS IN ADMIRAL'S COSTUME.

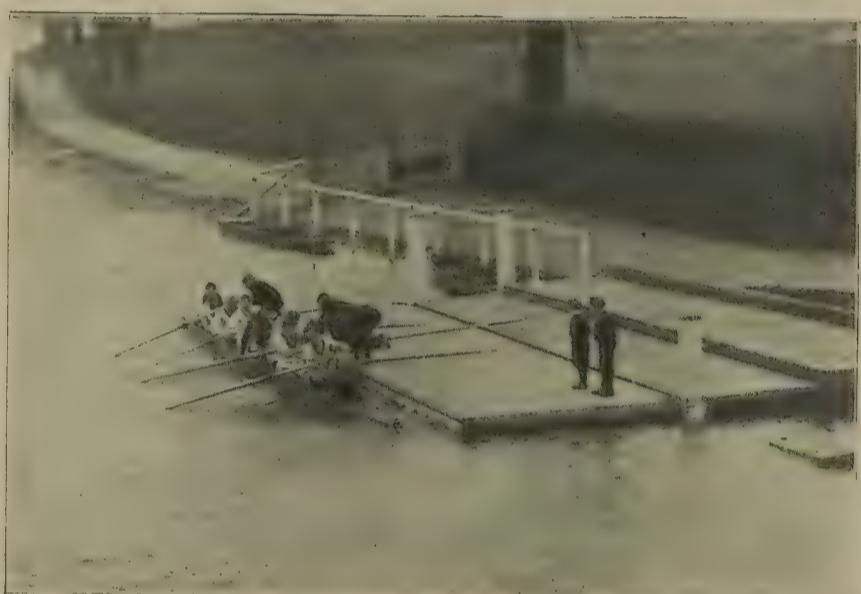
THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE: PRACTICE OF THE CREWS AT HENLEY AND COOKHAM.



OXFORD READY TO EMBARK AT HENLEY.



LAUNCHING THE BROCAS BOAT FROM THE LEANDER CLUB-HOUSE.



OXFORD AFTER A MORNING'S WORK.



CAMBRIDGE ON THE WATER AT COOKHAM.



CAMBRIDGE HOUSING THE NEW BOAT.

## THE COUNTY COUNCIL ELECTION: MEMBERS WHO DID NOT SIT IN THE LAST COUNCIL



*Photo. C. Vandyk.*  
MR. H. JEPHSON (P.),  
North Kensington.



*Photo. C. E. Fry.*  
MR. L. SHARP (P.),  
Brixton.



MR. T. DAVIES (P.),  
Fulham.



*Photo. London Stereoscopic Co.*  
MR. J. W. CLELAND (P.),  
Lewisham.



*Photo. J. H. Blomfiel.*  
MR. F. W. WARMINGTON (P.),  
Greenwich.



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A LOVE LETTER.

FROM THE PAINTING BY F. D. MILLET.

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BAYONET EXERCISE WITH OSCILLATING DUMMIES IN THE RUSSIAN ARMY.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

*These oscillating dummies are placed on the top of entrenchments, which the soldiers scale. After the men have delivered their blows they go down the other side, at the bottom of which another row of similar dummies has been placed. There the attack is repeated, and the soldiers, going through the ranks of their silent victims, place themselves in skirmishing order.*





Photo, Elliott and Fry.

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BACK FROM THE WAR: A SCENE AT A LONDON TERMINUS.

DRAWN BY LUCIEN DAVIS, R.I.

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## LADIES' PAGES.

I am afraid that it is felt to be even more of a relief than ever this season to leave the grime of London and the depressing effect of its universal black, and escape to the sunshine and smartness of the South of France. Though we English people cannot help thinking of our late Queen, who used so to enjoy and be so benefited by her annual spring holiday in this benign climate, we have not the loss our country has sustained so constantly before us in everybody's looks as we had at home; for, after all, the bulk of the visitors to Nice, and even to Cannes, are French and German people, and smartness surrounds one in their costumes. Vienna runs Paris hard in costume-designs now, and the Austrian ladies have quite as good a gift for wearing their clothes as the fair Parisiennes themselves. Here, then, everything is gay and pretty, and, of course, a forecast of fashion is given in the dresses made for wear on the Riviera.

Cream and white are much worn on the Promenade des Anglais, and, needless to say, what Cannes and Nice are doing to-day we in England shall be doing when our sun shines brightly enough. A cream cashmere gown has just passed me, with a simulated bolero of lace put round to hold down the pleats at and under the bust; above the bolero there is an elaborate network of black velvet ribbon and gold threads laid over white satin to form a yoke, and this decoration continues down the sleeves to the elbow, where a puff of lace, held in at three points by black and gold embroidery, finishes off the sleeve, falling as a frilling over the hand. Black lace made in waved patterns is applied on white gowns, and makes a very effective decoration with little difficulty. The separate bodice or blouse is in full popularity still. A white cashmere skirt laid in a few stitched pleats at the waist and trimmed with a downward line of black waved lace on either side of the plain front goes with a white taffetas blouse having a bolero of Roman satin outlined with the black lace, and a vest of incrustations of lace over which black velvet ribbon bands are drawn down; these magpie tints are a smart combination.

The boleros are now mostly very small, especially on blouses; velvet is being much used for this part of the design, even when the whole of the rest of the little bodice is a clever arrangement of piece lace. The newest form of bolero is a little sleeveless coat, covering the shoulders and closing over the chest, but cut off short just beneath the bust, the underbodice fitting tightly to the waist. A pretty specimen is of lace, with a little bolero of black velvet; then there is a plain corselet - belt of white velvet that opens in a slant from the waist-line upwards for some four inches, lace puffing out between the edges thereof, while tiny dull gold buttons pretend to be fastening the sides of the V-shaped opening of the belt down on to the lace. This blouse is finished with a large bow of black tulle at the throat. A blouse of white taffetas has a little



INDOOR DRESS OF BLACK INDIAN CASHMERE.

bolero of primrose velvet, and a yoke of white lace with black velvet ribbon run through it; this is a smart afternoon confection, worn at a reception with a black silk skirt by a pretty young matron. A pastel-mauve gown is provided with a bodice so much composed of other materials as to be like a blouse; the skirt is decorated with a line round it of white cloth decoupage, and the bodice bears a bolero of mauve panne edged with similar white cloth decoupage; while the underbodice is white lace with black velvet ribbon carried across it, and a chou of black tulle at the bosom holds the edges of the bolero together. A grey face-cloth dress is provided with a bolero of grey velvet, closed at the throat by a nouveau-art buckle, through which is drawn a scarf of white crêpe-de-Chine with a few gold paillettes worked over it; the underbodice is of white cloth embroidered with gold. These are all very lovely garments.

The style of the skirts tends generally to the Louis XV. design—a certain amount of hip or side pleating to give a plain front. But trimmings round the skirts are used too. Nor is the tunic effect out of date at all. Or, again, there are several good gowns made with trimmings that run round low to the back on the train, and mount up nearly to the knees in front, where the two sides of the trimming meet and pass to the waist, if not higher; very often it will be right to the bust, for the Princess gown is making its way in favour. A fichu is generally placed round the shoulders to lessen the severity of such a gown: very becoming are all descriptions of fichu to the slender figures that alone are well suited by the Princess effect at the waist. Some of the more heavy material dresses are cut with a corselet in one with the skirt, giving a Princess effect to about the height that a swathed belt would be worn, and above that a much lighter fabric is used for bolero and vest. In this style I have seen quite thick cloths, relieved by pleated chiffon or embroidered taffetas above. One in pastel-rose face cloth, edged round the top of the corselet, all in one with the skirt, by a narrow cord of gold, had a rose-pink taffetas spotted with black peas to construct a bolero, and folded white chiffon for collar and for the narrow chemisette between the edges of the bolero. Another was grey-green taffetas, the belt in one with the skirt, a deep band of guipure passing all round the tunic, trained in effect at the back and rising to the front, then going up to the top of the corselet without a break, and passing round the waist; a mousseline-de-soie fichu and a little vest and collar of guipure made the top of the bodice, and the sleeves were wholly of guipure, with a puff of mousseline. Narrow black velvet ribbon in the form of a heading to the guipure lace wherever it appeared, and of a wired bow at the left side of the bust, added *chic* to the whole.

Motoring is a distinct feature in the arranging of fashion nowadays. One thing that it is bringing into vogue is the linen dust-cloak. It is essential that a complete cover shall be worn in motoring, and in the

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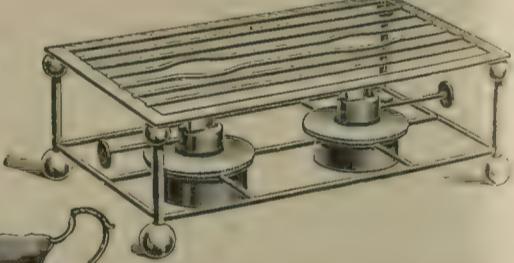
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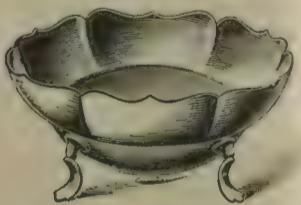
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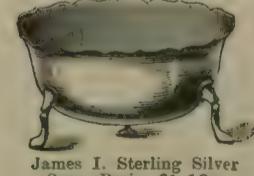
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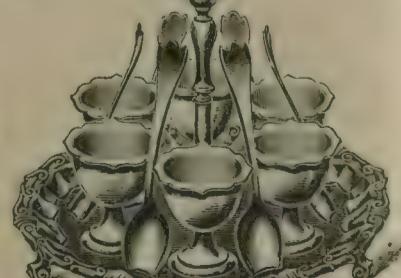
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"The dazzling display of the most exquisite ornaments meets one's eye on passing either of the establishments of the Parisian Diamond Company, the Head Branch of which is at 85, New Bond Street."

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"I hear that pearl collars go better with this sort of gown than any other ornament, a fact that makes the Parisian Diamond Company most busy, for their pearls are, as you know, perfection; and they must have someone supernally clever in design at their houses, for I never saw anything more perfectly done than the clasps and slides of diamonds and other stones mingled with the pearls."

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sunshine of the Riviera too thick a cloth is oppressive. Hence the use of pretty linens for long wraps; and this fashion is copied for dust-cloaks for walking or short train journeys. Of course, they are kept spotlessly fresh; but linen washes like the proverbial rag, and is worthy the consideration of those about to order their new cloaks of this order. The newest style follows the fashion just mentioned for the application of trimmings to dresses—namely, dipping to the back, and cut considerably shorter in front. In this case the front ends are gracefully rounded off. Taffetas and glacé silks make some of the smarter long coats, and of that longer order the coats are many. The Empire fashion obtains in these, as it has done in the thicker wraps of the past winter. White cloth or pearl-grey cloth long coats are much worn, and the raw edge of the cloth is often left to finish frills that go down the fronts, make bands under the bust, or pass capuchin-hood fashion round the shoulders.

Very pretty and simple are the home gowns shown this week in our Illustrations. That one with a deep white lace collar over the shoulders and a narrow vest of chiffon or muslin is in black Indian cashmere, trimmed with bands of black glacé and gathered insertions of the material. The other, with its chic little vest in frilled muslin, is further trimmed with frills of black silk and jet motifs. The material is here also black cashmere. Such dresses as these are not only graceful and becoming, but also infinitely useful at all seasons of the year.

The ex-Lady Mayoress of Sheffield, I hear, has a telephone in every principal room of her house, so that she can communicate from one room to another at any moment. This is not, perhaps, a practical idea for general adoption; but certainly the burden of domestic service might be much lightened by such a simple and quite practical arrangement as running speaking-tubes, in the course of building a house, from all the principal rooms to the kitchen. It should also be easy enough in building a house of any pretensions to put a supply of hot and cold water on every floor, and to add a small service-lift to carry up and down trays, coal-scuttles, and so on. The expense of these additions when a house was being constructed would be very small, and the saving in labour would be immense. The popularity of flats depends mainly upon the circumstance that everything is on one floor, so that the labour of ascending stairs is saved, and fewer servants can be managed with, because of the time and the exertion that they are spared by the absence of stairs. Flats have great disadvantages. All the domestic operations going forward in the kitchen are audible to an unpleasant degree in the other rooms of the house. The constant watchfulness of a porter has its annoyance; and the possibility of having noisy neighbours overhead, the dullness and consequent discontent which the servants experience in being completely shut in from the street, and the facilities that they enjoy for gossip with the servants of the other



GOWN OF BLACK CASHMERE TRIMMED WITH JET.

floors, are all grievous drawbacks to flats. Yet the saving of labour is such as to account for their popularity; while the old-fashioned, self-contained dwelling will always have the greater charm to a large proportion of housewives. But in view of the continual decrease in the available number of good servants for our houses, it will be necessary to supply them, as is done in America, with every possible appliance for lightening labour, and thus at one time to diminish the number of domestics required, and do away with some of the objections felt by working-girls in going to service. The present arrangement of ringing a bell, requiring someone to mount the stairs to hear what is wanted, to go down again and get it, and to come back again with it, is too wasteful of labour. Then, it is deplorable to see the sort of refined-looking, rather delicate girls that one likes to have for housemaids and parlourmaids dragging heavy burdens of water and coals, as they must do where no footman is kept, up several flights of stairs. Architects have been long impervious even to the housewife's demand for plenty of cupboards. One day, no doubt, there will be lady architects. They are already quite common in America. I wonder whether they have more care for domestic details than has been shown in designing most of our houses?

A short time ago the authorities of the Poor Law Schools tried an interesting experiment with a view to discovering by essay the inclinations of the boy pupils as regards choice of a calling. The girls have now had their turn, and the result is in several cases as original as it is amusing. Honours are easy to the profession of housemaid, but there are certain instances of an ambition that vaults higher. One little girl, whose desires lie towards millinery, has also an ethical purpose, her reason for her choice of a profession being that, "while I am making the hats, I should make them neat and tidy, and so help to get some of the pride out of people." General Booth's fair officers would smile with approval on this crusade against the pomps and vanities of fashion. Most comprehensive is the desire of that child who wishes simply "to be useful," and another chastens a missionary vocation with social aspiration when she sighs for the state of "a lady adopting orphans." Pride of place for noble ends is sought after by one who writes frankly, "I hope to become a Duchess, as I should be able to be kind to little children and help them in different ways." It is a gratifying sidelight on the teaching of the Poor Law Schools that kindness to others has so general a place in the minds of the pupils. They are knowing, too, in these institutions; for one little damsel, whose heart is set on being a poet or novelist, adds sagely, "It is a chance living." She has, however, a more than usually practical view of the qualifications for that precarious trade. "One must be a good grammarian," she writes, "and learn to keep the manuscript in the same tense, where to put the stops, and how to express one's thoughts clearly." It is rather sad to reflect, however, that nowadays literary fortune waits even upon violators of these excellent precepts.

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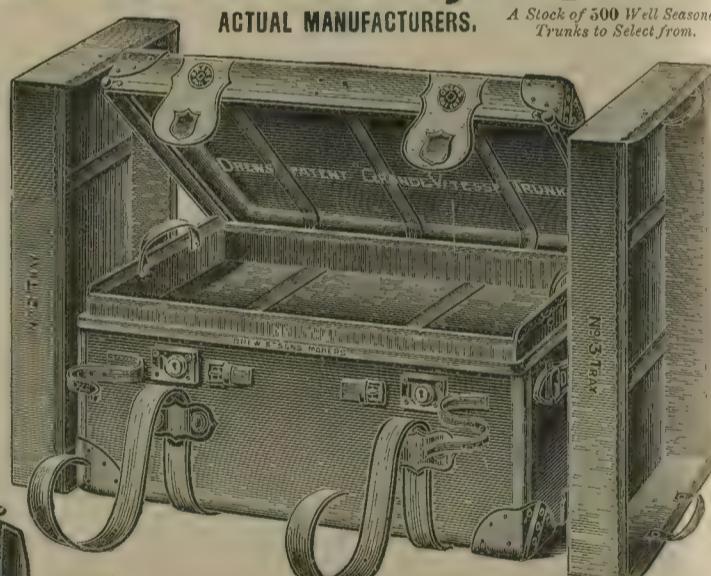
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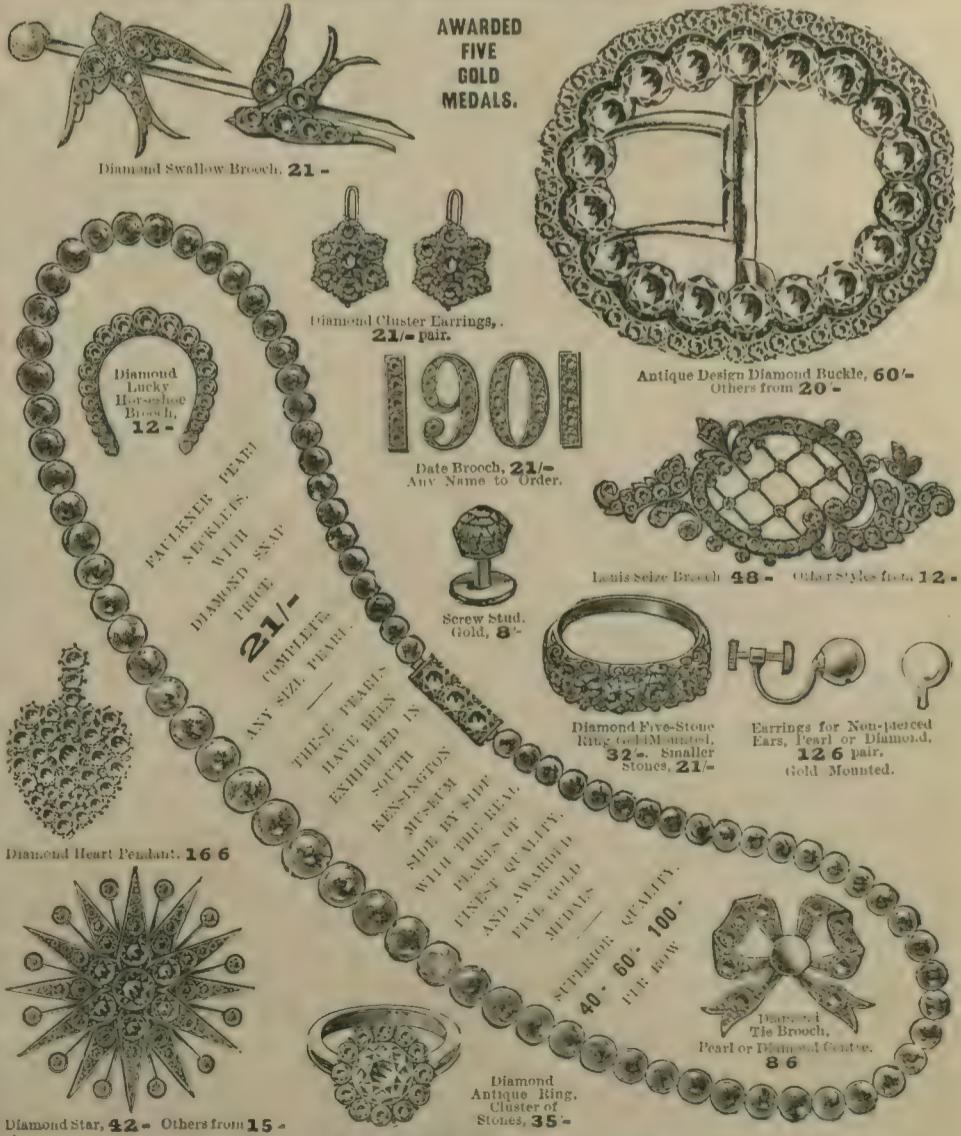
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## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Rev. Montague Fowler, the new Rector of All Hallows, London Wall, was educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge. He knows Egypt better than any other London clergyman, and when there were rumours some time ago of the appointment of a Bishop for Egypt, his name was mentioned as the most suitable for the post. The editor of *Church Bells* is one of the handsomest men in

from that of his own congregation. He has been travelling incessantly for several years in connection with the founding of Westminster College, and afterwards in the arduous work of the Moderatorship. He is now endeavouring to secure more leisure for his literary pursuits.

Archdeacon Sinclair is in residence at St. Paul's during March, and is preaching on Sunday afternoons. Canon Body and the Rev. H. C. Beeching have undertaken to

was little or no opposition. Amongst the younger men there is a feeling that advantage should be taken of the present drift towards unity. The old days of independency, when each congregation formed its own little world, are now gone, never to return.

The rumours with regard to Father Suckling's retirement from St. Alban's, Holborn, had no foundation in fact. Mr. Suckling was somewhat unwell at the beginning



Photo. Russell.

THE SOMALILAND PUNITIVE EXPEDITIONS: A GROUP OF SOMALI TRIBESMEN.

the Anglican pulpit. None of his contemporaries is more clearly marked out for promotion. Mrs. Fowler is a niece of the late Archbishop Thomson of York. Her father, Colonel Edward Thomson, C.S.I., accompanied the Duke of Saxe-Coburg on his Indian tour. Mrs. Fowler is a charming writer of stories, and helps her husband in his literary work.

"Ian Maclaren" has decided to retire for two years from the public work of the Presbyterian Church as distinct

deliver special sermons at the Cathedral on the last Sunday of the month, when appeals will be made for the unendowed cathedrals.

The recent conference of Congregational ministers may be said to have marked an epoch in the history of the denomination. Mr. Albert Spicer, one of the most influential laymen in the Church, practically proposed that Congregationalists should adopt Presbyterian government, including a Sustentation Fund. To this suggestion there

of Lent, and it was understood that he would have to rest till after Easter. He is now very much better, and has resumed his ordinary work in the parish.

Ministers who have been collecting reports and statistics of the recent Free Church Mission believe that the most permanent results will be found in the villages. I was told last week of one village in which over fifty persons had applied for Church membership as a result of the meetings.

V.



will be found printed in red ink across the label of every bottle of the original and Genuine Harvey's Sauce, as in illustration herewith. The simplest and safest way is to ask for "Lazenby's Sauce," as there are some cheap, spurious imitations offered under the name of "Harvey's."

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10 0 by 7 0	4 10 0	11 8 by 8 2	6 3 0	13 9 by 10 6	9 4 0
10 1 by 7 2	4 12 0	11 5 by 8 3	6 0 0	13 10 by 10 4	9 1 0
10 2 by 7 8	5 0 0	11 9 by 8 3	6 3 0	13 6 by 10 6	9 0 0
10 8 by 7 1	4 16 0	11 10 by 8 7	6 9 0	13 11 by 10 7	9 8 0
10 6 by 7 0	4 14 0	12 9 by 9 1	7 7 0	13 9 by 11 10	9 0 0
10 3 by 7 6	4 18 0	12 3 by 9 6	7 10 0	13 3 by 9 5	8 0 0
10 4 by 7 3	4 16 0	12 1 by 7 0	5 8 0	13 9 by 8 2	7 4 0
11 4 by 8 5	6 3 0	13 1 by 9 7	8 0 0	13 1 by 10 0	8 7 0
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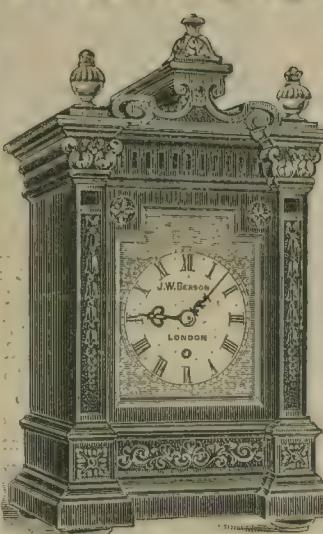
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## MUSIC.

The Saturday Popular Concerts programme for March 9 was one of the best ones they have ever had. Could there be a more magnificent combination than that of M. Busoni and M. Ysaye? They chose for their duet the Sonata in A major of Mozart—the most popular one, both for professionals and amateurs, out of Mozart's forty-five sonatas written for the violin and piano. The most characteristic movement is the andante, though the finale is brilliant. M. Busoni's execution and clearness have the unfortunate effect of making one dissatisfied with almost every living pianist, and reduce the small professional or good amateur, in comparison, to mere ineffectiveness. He played again with M. Ysaye and M. J. Jacob, the violoncellist, in a trio in B flat of Beethoven. The trio, that has been described as "a miracle of concerted music," was written in 1811, and the first time it was performed in public—at a matinée for the benefit of Schuppanzigh—Beethoven himself played the piano-forte part. The trio that completes the second movement, the scherzo, is one of Beethoven's most fantastic freaks, given as it is in fugue form. The third movement, the andante, has an enchanting melody, and has more variations, elaborate and finely conceived, than any other composer. The concert began with a quartet in E flat minor of Tschaikowsky, scored for two violins, a viola, and violoncello, in which M. Ysaye's own quartet played. It is interesting, for Tschaikowsky confesses to a complete ignorance of chamber-music and its distinctive

method of composition. To listen to string quartets was a penance to him, and he declares he could hardly keep awake when listening to Beethoven's great A minor quartet. This quartet in E flat minor was Tschaikowsky's third and last attempt, the first two having succeeded in irritating Rubinstein intensely, who said they were not in the least in the style of chamber-music, nor could he himself understand the composition. This one was composed in 1876, and is in memoriam of Laub, the violinist. It is full of marked beauty and delicacy of composition, and is refreshingly original, for in no sense could it be described as academic. The Andante Funèbre is full of a melancholy that his biographer describes as almost hysterical, being brought about by composing it in the teeth of his doctor, who sent him abroad to cure a nervous ailment, and forbade the use of a pianoforte or music-paper. The andante has a piercing sweetness of melody that is curiously desolate and brooding; but the allegretto, that attempts a lighter-hearted touch, fails entirely in interest by comparison.

On Monday evening at the St. James's Hall the Ysaye quartet was again to be heard in a quartet in D major of Mendelssohn. M. Ysaye, to whom was entrusted the opening melody, seemed to be playing with almost abnormal purity of tone and expression. The precision of the quartet is most marked and finished in its ensemble-playing. The concert began with a graceful serenade trio of Beethoven, played by MM. Ysaye, Van Hout (viola), and J. Jacob (violoncellist); it has a minuet

measure that is very captivating, and an exquisite andante, an air with four variations. M. Van Hout played on the viola, accompanied by M. Marchot on the piano, a not very interesting sonata of Locatelli. Written at the beginning of the eighteenth century, the work is chiefly notable for its technical difficulties, and was written originally for the violin unaccompanied. M. F. Gevaert, however, transcribed it, and put a strikingly detached accompaniment to it, consisting of a few simple chords. M. Ysaye played an amazing prelude and fugue in G minor for the violin alone, of Bach, and followed it by Beethoven's exquisite romance in G major. He resolutely refused an encore. Miss Büring, an Australian lady, and pupil of Stockhausen, sang for the first time at these popular concerts. She possesses a sweet voice, but has a tendency to drop her final notes before they have become rounded and complete. She sang, "Still wie die Nacht" of Bohm, and Handel's "Largo." Miss Adela Verno attacked bravely and conscientiously Schumann's "Carnaval."

M. I. H.

The Rev. Dr. Randall, formerly Rector and Rural Dean of Handsworth, has died at Brighton at the age of eighty-one. The living of Handsworth was, in his time, one of the richest in England, being worth over £3000 a year. His successor will have only £1000, and the remainder of the income will be used for augmenting the stipends of the vicars of daughter parishes.

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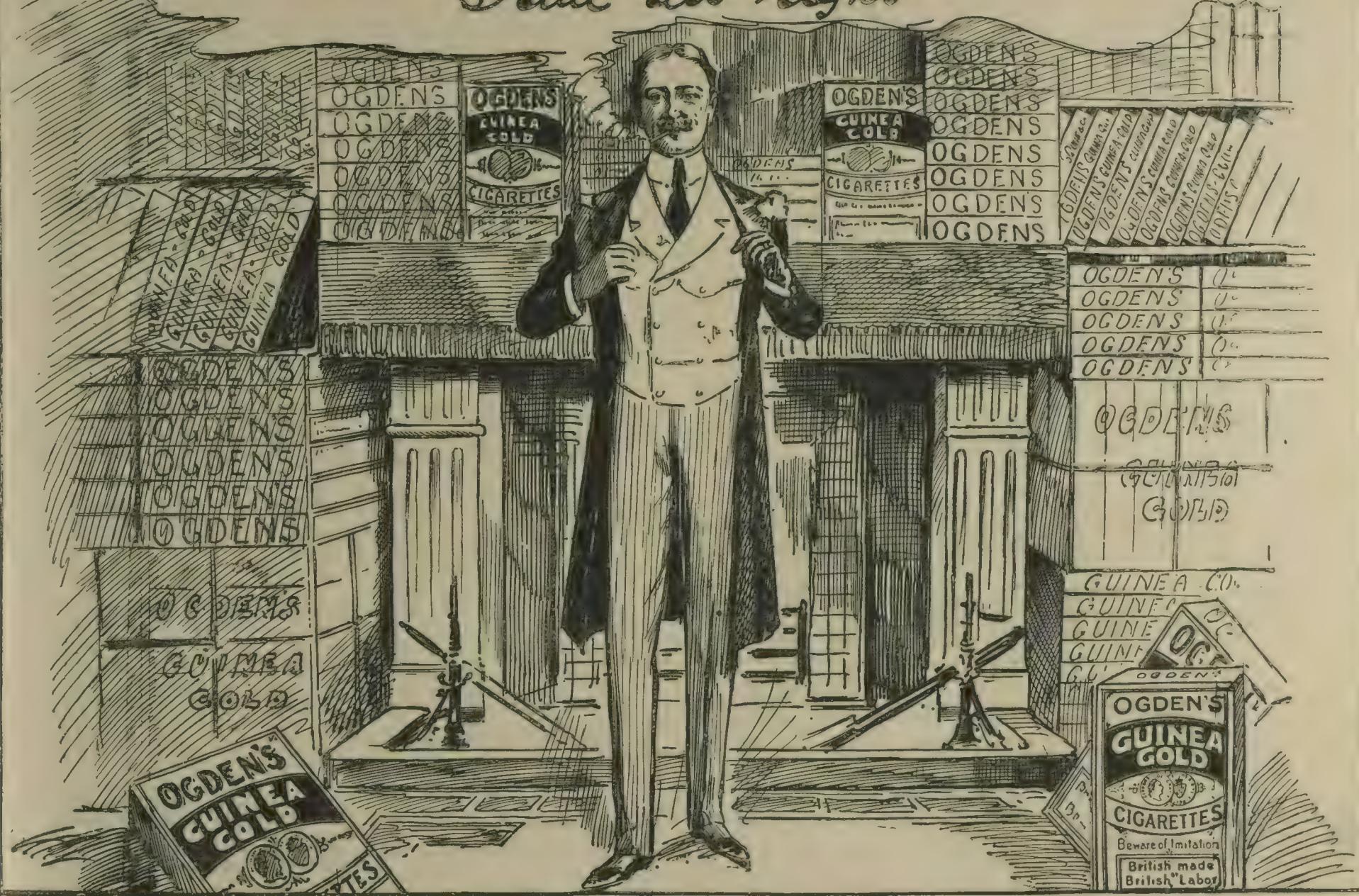


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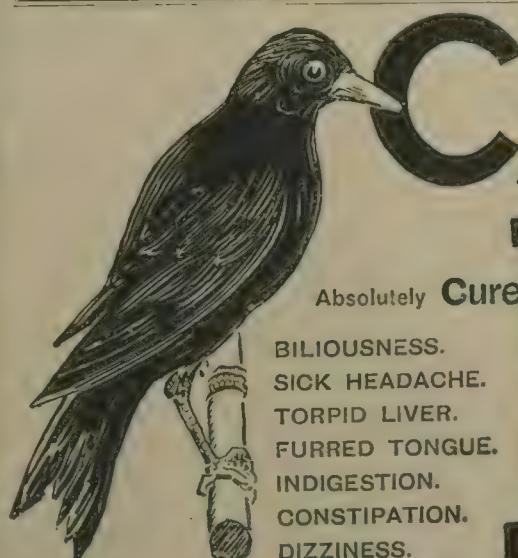
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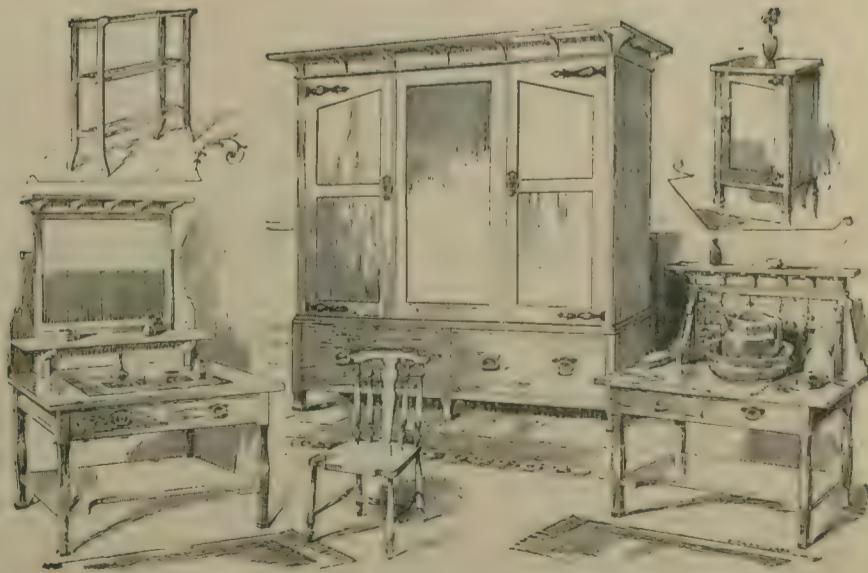
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the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £34,207. She bequeaths £6250, upon trust, for Mrs. Elizabeth Alyson Menteth for life and then for her children; £5250 between the children of Edward Algernon Blackett, except his eldest son and Mrs. Menteth; £3000 to Margaret Cuming; £3000, upon trust, for Sir Charles E. Adam, Bart., for life, and then to his eldest son; £1000 to the Hon. A. R. D. Elliot; £200 to the Dean and Chapter of Bristol Cathedral for the external repair thereof; £100 each to the Preventive Branch of the Bristol Mission for Women and the Metropolitan Association for Befriending Young Servants; and many other legacies. The residue of her property she leaves to the Hon. William Fitzwilliam Elliot.

The will (dated Nov. 16, 1887), with two codicils (dated Dec. 14, 1892, and Nov. 27, 1899), of Mr. William Francis Taylor, J.P., of Burtonhill House, Malmesbury, and Moseley Hall, King's Norton, who died on Dec. 25, was proved on Feb. 26 by Mrs. Augusta Charlotte Taylor, the widow, and Lieutenant George William Taylor, Coldstream Guards, the son, the executors, the value of the estate being £23,342. He gives £1000 and the use of his

furniture and effects to his wife. Under various settlements he appoints £31,000 and £4000 to his younger children. The residue of his property he leaves to his younger children.

The will (dated Dec. 4, 1900) of Mr. Alfred Buckley, J.P., D.L., of New Hall, Salisbury, who died on Dec. 15, was proved on Feb. 25 by Major Edward Duncombe Buckley, R.A., the son and sole executor, the value of the estate being £20,314. The testator gives £250 to his wife, Mrs. Geraldine Mary St. John Buckley; £1000 each to his daughters Christina Mary, Winifred Rosa Isabel, and Elizabeth Ursula; and £25 each to Elizabeth Brown and George Marlow. The residue of his property he leaves to his son.

The will (dated March 28, 1898) of Sir John William Maclure, Bart., of The Home, Whalley Range, Manchester, who died on Jan. 28, was proved on March 4 by Sir John Edward Stanley Maclure, William George Percy Maclure, and Alan Francis Maclure, the sons, the executors, the value of the estate being £10,768. The testator leaves all his property, upon trust, for his wife, Dame Eleanor

Maclure, for life, and then as to three tenths for his son John Edward Stanley; one tenth each to his sons William George Percy and Alan Francis, and to his daughters Ethel Annie, Mildred Campbell, Margaret Eleanor, and Constance Mary; and one tenth, upon trust, for his daughter Margaret Eleanor while a spinster, and then between his other children.

Lord Rosebery, in opening the Whitechapel Art Gallery, was reminded that some twenty years had elapsed since he first took part in the opening of these art exhibitions in a place that one of the speakers described as "the cradle of the London mob." That did not sound a very alluring description even to a political leader; but Lord Rosebery said that, though outward signs did not show it, the inner graces of the East-End had multiplied during the last two decades. When he first came to Whitechapel, for instance, there was no Toyneboe Hall. There is now a permanent Art Gallery in addition—thanks to the zeal of Canon and Mrs. Barnett. These, said the Earl, were surely "beneficent institutions."

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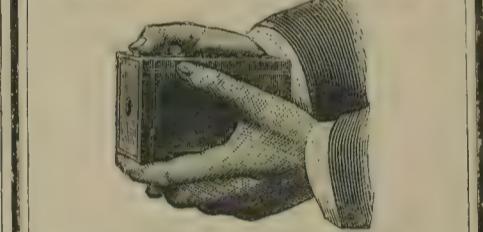
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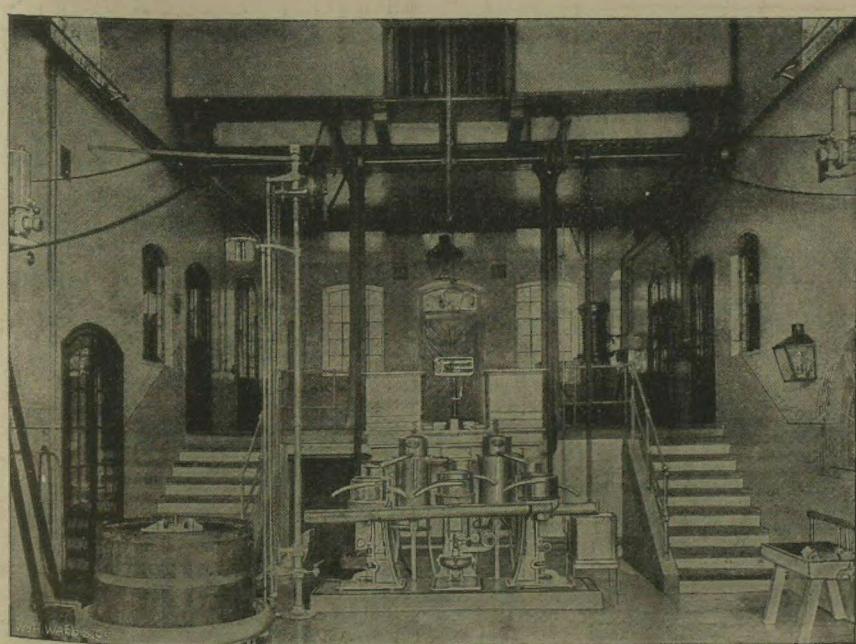
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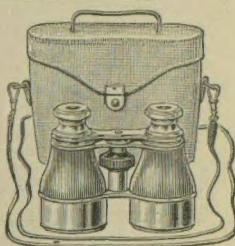
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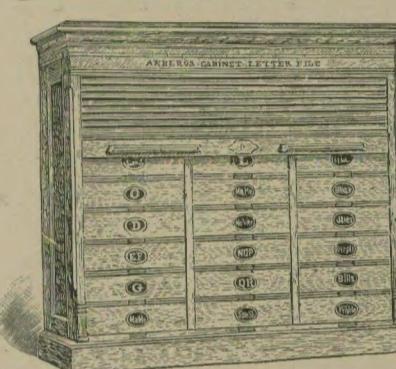
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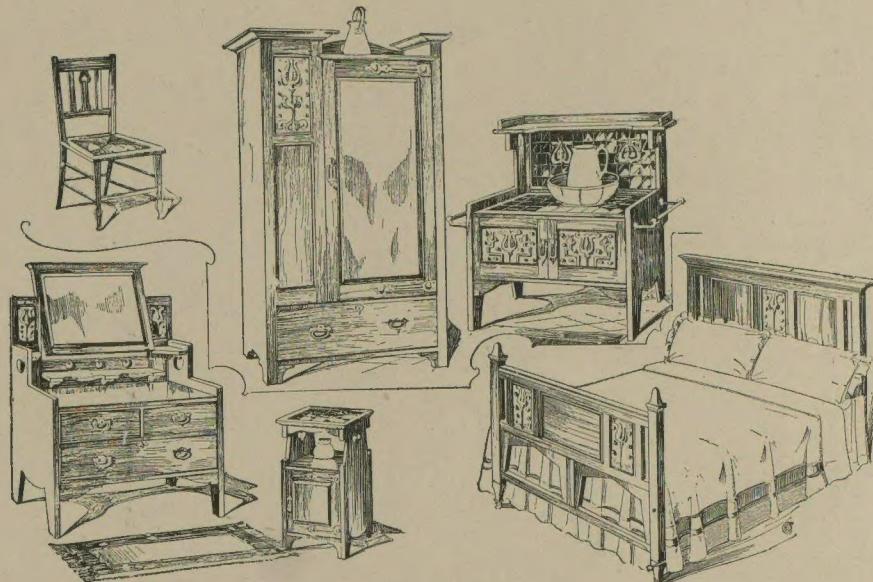
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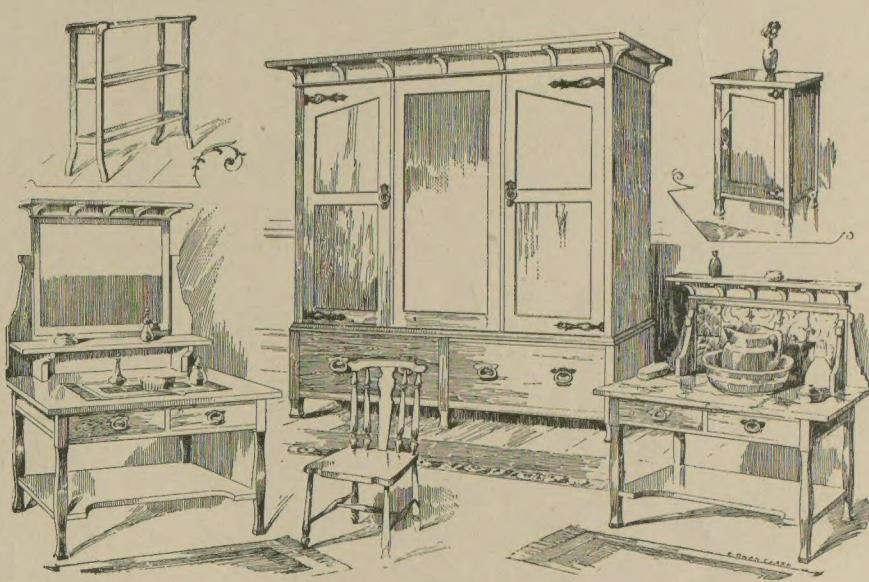
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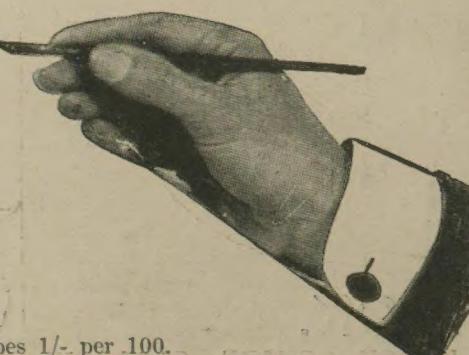


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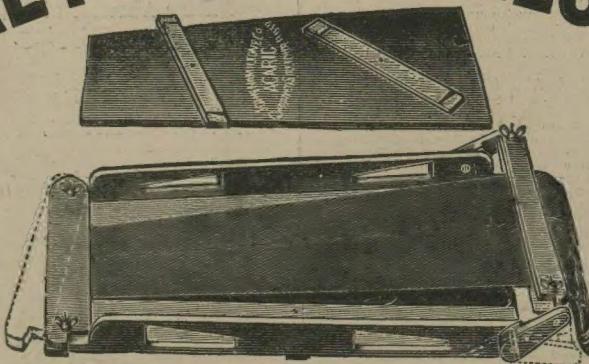
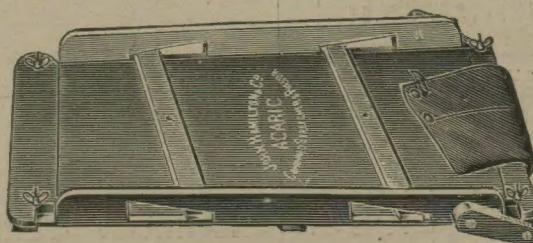


Fig. I.  
Inserting  
the  
Trousers.

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Fig. II.  
Trousers being  
STRETCHED  
and  
PRESSED  
at the  
same time.



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